TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

For the Blade

SHAKSPERE.

BY J. N. MATTHEWS.

[On the proposed disentombment of his remains, to which the Vicar of Stratford-on-the-Avon is said to have given his consent.]

O thoughtless priest! how dared thou molest,
(Unsinful of the curse engraven there),
This hallowed dust? *"For Jesus' sake forbear!"*
The jeweled earth hath not within its breast,
Nor scarce the boundless heavens, planet-drest,
A gem that can with this cold clay compare;
Stay, stay, thy hand! remember Shakspeare's prayer,
And let the stones upon his relics rest.
While time shall press his memory on the heart,
And love preserve his ashes in the tomb,
Pilgrims will turn from Earth's remotest part,
And, passing in the narrow antique room,
Will pay their homage to his matchless art,
And feel his glory floating thro' the gloom.

A KINGLY HERITAGE.

BY MARY H. C. BOOTH.

I have a little drop of blood
Whose course is wild and fleet—
Sometimes I feel it in my soul
And sometimes in my feet
Sometimes it courses like a rill
And sometimes like a flood,
And often I am deluged with
This little drop of blood.

I know from whence the heritage—
Fr m out the hearts of kings;
Sometimes it grows ethereal
And spreads itself in wings,
And then I feel the souls of winds
Go bearing me away—
Back to the high ancestral halls
Where jeweled fountains play.

Within the royal temple's aisles
Dwelt seraphs sing,
And at the holy altar shrines
The sweetest censers swing,
The incense of whose pure perfume
Melts through the azure dome
And forms again in spirit flowers
In the "Mighty Spirit's" home.

The crowns that graced the haughty brows
Of my ancestral kings
Were not of yellow gold and stones,
But glorious eagles' wings,
Their palaces hallowed—the boundless woods,
Their shrines—the forest bowers,
Their singers—all the birds of heaven,
Their censer cups—the flowers.

The temples that they worshipped in—
They were not made with hands,
And they had their hunting grounds of One
Who never tells his age;
And when the mighty buffalo
With their majestic tread
Went shaking down the stars from heaven—
From the hunting grounds o'erhead.

The Brave to whom the spirit spake
Replied with regal pride,
And with his death-song on his lips
He laid him down and died.
Ye sleep, O kingly ancestors!
Beneath the oaken trees,
But your royal ghosts are still about
Upon the woodland breeze.

Sometimes they tramp across my heart
As through a hunting ground—
I feel a hundred Indians leap
Within it at a bound!
'Tis but a little drop of blood,
And yet I feel it roll,
As if a thousand tomahawks
Were lifted in my soul!

It holds the secret council fires
Within my heart and brain,
At which the soul in silence sits
And deigns not to complain.
Your royal ghosts, O woodland kings,
They reign in me at will,
And bid me, with imperial pride,
To suffer, and be still.

They do not teach when smote to turn
And give the other cheek;
Alas! O bodily ancestors,
Ye were not over meek—
Too much of eagle in your souls—
Too little of the dove;
My heritage is rich in hate,
Though poor enough in love!

Travel.

NASBY IN EXILE.

SECOND SERIES.

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Opening of the Carnival—Decadence of the Fete—People Have Something Better to Do Now—Throwing Confetti—Showering Flowers—Racing Jews, in Former Carnivals—Lament of a Dame of a Former Age—Appearance of the King and Queen.

LIII.

CARNIVALS IN GENEHAL.

The people of all countries, except those of the United States, have stated periods for amusing themselves, times when everything serious is given the go-by, and amusement becomes the chief business of the hour. New Orleans and some of the other Cities of our country have attempted something in the way of carnivals, but the fun has been invariably of a forced kind and about as dismal as anything could possibly be. Organized fun is an exotic on American soil and has never thrived.

Christianity owes very much to heathenism, and the carnival, nothing more than an ancient heathen feast, is one item in the account. Before the advent of Christianity the heathens had the Lupercal games which were much the same thing. The Lupercal games were simply prolonged merry-making, as is the carnival, but in them the priests would strip off all their ordinary clothing and cover themselves with the skins of the goats which had been sacrificed, and run among the people with thongs in their hands, striking whoever they could come at, especially women, who were thus supposed to become prolific, population being what the growing state most needed. It is to be observed that religion, then as now, always had something of utility in view. And as religion always accommodates itself to what the people will have, the kings and emperors added new priests and new features to the games from time to time, to make them more certain of observance.

When Christianity took its place the games were continued, only a new name was given to them, and new reasons were assigned for their observance. Thus, the Romans kept their amusements, only instead of being heathen they were made, by the Church, Christian.

All Catholic countries in the world have had carnivals or days of relaxation before the commencement of Lent, during which it is expected by the Church that everything worldly will be laid aside, and all good Christians will mortify the flesh, and by fasting and prayer make some atonement for the sins of the past year, and get a moral bracing up for the year to come. It was the 11 days relaxation of the bow to give it strength to stand the 40 days' strain that was to follow. Something of license the Church deemed necessary for those who for 40 days were not permitted to dance or otherwise amuse themselves, or even eat meat, compelling them to the hardship of fasting for 40 days upon three meals per day of four courses of fish, eggs and other edibles. And so, as a preparation for this hardship, they were directed to fill themselves with meat for the 11 days preceding the fast, and to cram into that period the amusement that otherwise would have been distributed through the longer time.

The injunction to eat meat vigorously for 11 days was all well enough for the better classs, but it made but little difference to the ordinary Roman, who never sees meat at all, and has to skirmish extensively for any kind of food. However, they have the fun of the carnival all the same, albeit, as their life is a perpetual fast, they do not need any especial preparation for any one in particular.

A DYING FESTIVAL.

Carnivals are, in almost all countries, things of the past. That of Venice, once so famous, is nothing now. Paris has nothing of the kind except a sort of demonstration at mid-lent. In Spain it has lost its flavor in most of the Cities, though in Barcelona it still has some life. This is due to the fact that the maskers promenade the streets and the citizens who are not maskers are compelled by custom to furnish them with wine and bread and other refreshments, the extent of the entertainment fixing the popularity of the entertainer for the year. Were this the custom in Italy the carnival would flourish like a green bay tree, for what would not an Italian do for 10 days of plentiful eating and drinking. He would gorge himself and lie and bask in the sun for two months after, perfectly content with himself and the world.

In some of the Cities of South America the carnival still holds its own, the principal diversion being filling egg-shells with water, stopping the hole with wax, and unmercifully pelting therewith everybody within reach.

In Mung, Belgium, the old frivolity also holds sway as yet, though fortunately it lasts only three days. During that time all law is ignored, and from 1 to 4 o'clock of each day everybody and everything must be masked. The man or animal caught upon the streets without a mask is most unmercifully hustled.

But with the exception of these few Cities the carnival has lost its flavor, and is only a ghost of its former self.

The carnival in Rome was, in the old priestly days, when the church was actually a living power, a great occasion, but as elsewhere it is gradually falling into nothingness. In the old time it was the great event of the year and attracted visitors from the whole civilized world. Then flowers and confectionery were thrown from balconies on the streets at passers-by, with a will. There were constant processions of masks, horses were turned loose upon the narrow Corso, and prizes awarded to the fastest. Balls and merry-makings of all kinds filled the nights, and for 11 days Rome and the strangers within her gates gave itself over to unbridled, unchecked pleasure. It was, so old men tell us, something worth while if one took delight in mummery of the wildest kind, and any quantity of it.

In those days windows and balconies on the Corso commanded fabulous prices, and whoever had facilities for witnessing the sport at command was certain of reaping a rich harvest.

But all the glory of the carnival has departed. The Roman people do not observe Lent as they did, and consequently do not feel the necessity of preparing for its privations by an undue amount of license before. They take their pleasures and their religion mixed more than they did, and both in much milder doses. Now that they have a Government which is making some effort to take a respectable rank among the people of the earth, they have hardly the time or disposition for childish mummeries, and little by little the carnival has been shorn of its glories, till it is scarcely a shadow of its former self. The Government tolerates it and the citizens maintain it, but not for themselves. It is continued now entirely for the benefit of strangers who are willing to pay ab-urd prices for balconies from which to see nothing.

THE CARNIVAL OF 1882.

It commenced this year Saturday, Jan. 27, and a very tame commencement it had. In the old times there was horse racing on the Corso, and it was a brave sight to see a score or more of Barbary horses, riderless, with thongs of leather with spikes in them acting like automatic spurs to urge them to their highest speed, flying along the Corso. As last year a very wild horse chose to run his course among the people in the side streets, killing several and wounding more, the Government prohibited this feature. A carnival without horse racing amounts to about as much as "Hamlet" with *Hamlet* omitted.

And years ago when the Jews were confined in the Ghetto, and were not citizens, they were seized and compelled to run races for the amusement of the Christians, and it was considered the thing to pelt with stones those whose speed was not satisfactory, and to half-kill the slowest. The prize for the fast runners was partial immunity from outrage. They had a great deal of amusement in those days, for everybody but the Jews.

LAMENT OF A DAME OF THE OLD REGIME.

An old French lady, a Countess, of the Orleans dynasty, whose titles and estates were lost in the great sea of Republicanism, who comes to Rome once each year, was bewailing the decay of the carnival at the table, and giving the causes thereof. Thus spake the ancient dame, in as good English as she could command, for the benefit of the Americans present—

"Eet ees not as it was in ze good old days of ze Pope. Zen when ze Pope was in hees power, and was ze head of ze people, he would say, when everysing was well wiz him, 'My children you shall have ze carnivale and shall amuse yourself,' and ze people wood amuse zairselulfs like so many children. Zay would save up zer money for seex months to spend on the carnivale, and Rome would be, ah, so, wat you call 'im—jolly—and zen eef everysing was not well wiz ze Pepe, or eef he was angry wiz ze people, he would say, 'You sall not amuse yourselulfs,' and ze people would be sorrowful and would not amuse zairselulfs. And ze nobility, and when ze people had zer carnivale and ze Pope was pleased, would throw ze flowers and ze bon-bons wiz ze common people, and be so complaisant. Ah! zat was ze good time.

"Ah! zem was ze good days. I hef seen a score of horses on ze Corso, ze people cheering and shouting, all so happy, and ven I was a leetle girl I hef seen a score of Jews, all bloody wiz ze stones flung at zem, tearing along as eef zey was mad. Ah! zat was ze glory, zat was amuse! But ze Jews don't run ze race any more. Zey leef in goot houses, and hef ze mortgage upon ze palace, and zey ride in ze carriage on ze carnival, and zer wifes dress better as ze nobility. Bah!

"We sall never hef ze carnival no more. Ze people hef no regard for ze Pope, and ze old nobility zey keep zairselulfs in zer palaces all ze carnivals, for zey will not rejoice, for ze Pope he ees a prisoner in his capital, and ze people hef got to reading and writing, and zey hef not ze spirit to amuse zairselulfs, and zey hef no regard for authority, and ze old order ees gone. Rome is not Rome any more. Ze old families is gone, and ze new ones wiz zer King—bah!

"And it ees worse in Paris. Eef we ur ze old *regime* show ourselulfs in a carriage on zer nasty *fete* days zey hoot at us and make insult. Zey will not be servants to us any more. Zey say zey are just as good as we are, and zey hef lost ze grand respect for ze old blood, and are not contented no more wiz ze station to which zey was born. Zey sneer at ze rightful King and ze good blood, and talk about equality and such—wat you call 'im—nonsense. Zer ees no good families any more. Ze canaille hef ze power and rule us—rule us! we who hef blood."

"But, Madame," interposed a Californian, "Victor Emanuel was called to the throne by the people of Italy, and—"

"Wat hef ze people of Italy or France got to do wiz eet?" shrieked the old lady. "Wat hef ze people got to do wiz eet? Rome was ze Pope's, and France was ze King's. Ze people! Ze people! Wat hef ze people got to do wiz government? You make me s-e-e-k! Ze people! Bah!

"Wat happened to me! I hef a servant, a girl, and she offend. I strike her and break her nose wiz my parapluie, ze parasool. She hef me arrest—She take me before ze Judge, he fine me, and wanted to imprison me. Who was ze Judge? Ah, ha! *He was ze son of my oldest!* My cook he got deescontent wiz his lot, and lef me, and went off for heeselluf, and, and got rich, and hees son, who was deescontent, too, studied law and became a Judge. And he fined me for breaking ze nose of the girl who offend! Zat eez ze way ze people are ruined. Zey get the grand deescontent, and will not serve us, ze people wiz blood, and we are poor.

"In ze good old days, I come to Rome. I bring my horses, my carriages, my servants, my grand retinue. I leeve in my palace, I hev ze grand pleasure. Ze revolution come, zey confiscate my property, zey take my horses for ze army, zey s-a-c-r-e! I leeve in ze pension now, at Rome, for ten francs ze day, and dress my own hair! And ze son of my cook is rich, and a Judge, and he fines me! Zat ees wiat comes of ze deescontent of ze people. Republique! *Bah!* BAH!! I spit upon ze Rep ublique! I spit upon ze King! I spit upon ze Bonaparte! Bah!"

And the old lady flounced up from the table and rushed to her humble room on the fifth floor, where she in solitude mourned for the good old days, when "ze people hef not ze grand deescontent."

THROWING CONFETTI.

The first day opens with the throwing of *confetti*, which is about the most stupid amusement a very stupid people ever indulged in. *Confetti* are balls of plaster of paris about the size of peas, and the fun consists in throwing handsful of them into the faces of passers-by, injuring clothing and hurting slightly when they strike an unprotected spot and are thrown with sufficient force. The rag-muffins on the streets throw industriously, and take pleasure in it, for every boy is born with an ineradicable disposition to hurt something, but it was a pitiful sight to see grown people, well dressed girls and women, and even gray-headed men and women on balconies with perhaps a bushel of these missiles, pelting the throng below, and doing it gravely, as though the throwing of a given quantity was a solemn duty which had to be performed. The boys on the street laughed as they peppered a lady or gentleman, and the more injury they did, the more they were pleased.

The very hight and summit of happiness is attained by the small boy if he can walk up to an unsuspecting gentleman, pass him with an expression of innocence on his countenance, a face so mild and Sunday schoolish as to inspire confidence, a confidence that throws you off your guard and leads you to expose yourself in the most reckless and imprudent manner. And then when he is exactly in front of you, the innocence vanishes and the most impish mischievousness takes its place. The mask is dropped, and the Sunday-school scholar, with an hundred and fifty verses committed, vanishes, and in his place is a grinning fiend, a small demon, and before you have recovered from the surprise at the metamorphosis, you have received, full in the face, at very short range, a quart, more or less, of the bird-shot; your mouth, eyes and nose receiving each its share, and your face smarting as though a petroleum lamp had exploded, and it had been spattered with flame. And the imp, with a shriek of delight, darts into the crowd and is laughing at you from a safe distance long before you have your right foot raised for a righteous kick. His laugh—at the safe distance—aggravates the smarting, and you profane concerning all carnivals, this one in particular.

The *confetti* being made of plaster-of-paris, every pellet striking cloth or any wearing material leaves a greasy white mark, which the most careful brushing will not wholly eradicate. Therefore after walking on the Corso 10 minutes in a hail-storm of this stuff, even though your eyes have escaped destruction and your face is not quite as red as corned beef, from the incessant peppering, your hat, coat, trowsers and boots have the general appearance of a miller's working suit, being covered all over with a whitty-brown powder, you console yourself with the thought that it is only a matter of 10 minutes with a clothes brush. You realize your mistake when you come to try the brush at night. The whitty-brown powder has worked into the very grain of the cloth, it adheres to the fiber like original sin to an unredeemed nature, and brush you ever so faithfully, it clings like a bad habit, and your glossy black is mellowed down into a greasy brown which never will look smart again, and in which you are uncomfortable for ever more. It is too good to throw away and you are not happy in the wearing of it, and so life becomes a burden to you and existence is deprived of all its pleasures.

The dealers in second-hand clothing always reap a harvest after the carnival. Indeed it is not impossible that the fete was instituted in their especial interest.

The people on the balconies threw their plaster bird shot as a pure matter of business, and without evincing the slightest merriment or even pleasure. It was the most solemn and penitential kind of fun for these people that was ever witnessed.

To avoid the chances of having your eyes injured by these balls a wire mask over the face is necessary. To put out an eye would be a remarkably large piece of fun for a Roman boy.

A few boys and girls in fancy costumes made their appearance the first day, but only a few, and they walked the streets as though they wished they had not dared so much.

However, the street was thronged with people, and from the crowd some instruction, if not amusement, could be gathered. There was too much American and too little Roman in it, but there were some specimens of the peasantry that were worth observing. The beggars were out in full force as though the occasion was theirs exclusively. They made something by it doubtless, as the people were all in a good-humored mood.

SHOWERING FLOWERS AND BOUQUETS.

The second day the throwing of confetti is prohibited, flowers and sweet-meats taking the place of the uncomfortable plaster balls. People in carriages pelt their friends in the balconies with bouquets, and packages of bon-bons wrapped artistically, and as many of the friendly missives miss their aim, the street is filled with flowers, and as they are as plenty in Rome in Winter as in the Northern States of America in the Summer, the flower-paved streets present a very charming appearance. Then the Corso is thronged with beautiful equipages, the occupants being all in the most elegant costumes, which parade slowly and gravely up and down the long street, the course being from the Via Nazionale end of the Corso, to the Piazza Popolo, and this continues all the afternoon, there being a great rivalry as to who shall exhibit the most elegant turnout. The horses are all magnificent, the carriages superb, the harness as costly as gold and silver upon leather can make it, and the coachmen in front and the flunkeys behind, in liveries almost barbaric in their splendor.

The wealth of all the countries, England, France, Germany and America, is represented, and the scene is an exceedingly animated one. The men and women in the carriages are not much to see, but the horses are worth going a long way to witness. Probably nowhere on earth can one see so many mediocre faces and absolutely ugly and inferior ones, as in these carriages on the Corso.

Said the wise old man: "My son, the estimate that God puts upon money is best fhown by the kind of people he gives the most of it to."

The shrewd old men who amassed the money upon which these semi idiots are disporting themselves, wouldn't have worried so much about it could they have known what kind of beings their descendants, for whom they toiled, would be.

The first Saturday of the Carnival was given over to burlesques and grotesque processions. In the afternoon there appeared upon the Corso, preceded by a burlesque band, an English hunt. The animals bestridden by the hunters were not magnificent English steeds, but the very smallest of the diminutive Roman donkeys, little rats, not over three feet in hight. On 20 of these were as many men with grotesque masks, but clad in the strictest English hunting costume, ssarlet coats, white buckskin breeches, and with whip and horn and all complete. Beside the first donkey was a sorry-looking clown with two wretched Roman dogs in a leash, and they rode gravely through the City, followed by an army of street Arabs, who enjoyed the fun much more than did the riders.

There were other processions, burlesquing everything on earth except the clergy, that being prohibited by the authorities.

APPEARANCE OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

Suddenly you hear a great shout that goes up from the throng on the street, and a carriage turns down from the square occupied by the Quirinal, the King's Palace. It has a coachman in a red uniform, and on a high perch in the rear are two coachmen in scarlet also, and in the body of the coach sits two ladies, and one very grave-looking man with a gray mustache, pointed and waxed diligently. Every man raises his hat as the carriage passes, and every woman makes a profound obesiance. The lady sitting on the right is the Queen, Margherita, and the lady with her is a sister of the Queen of Spain. The Queen nods her head first to the right, then to the left, acknowledging thus the respect shown her, and this raising of hats and the Queen's acknowledgements continue during her airing.

It must be frightfully tiresome, this hour of constant bowing, and when she gets home she doubtless takes a reef in her neck and stretches it out for rest.

She is a very handsome woman, with a sweet, sympathetic face, a thoroughly kind and good face. Almost any Queen is said to be handsome, because she is a Queen. But Marguerite is really a handsome, not a pretty woman, with the exact face that one in time of trouble would appeal to with confidence.

She is really beloved by the Roman people, for she is just as good as she looks. Quietly, and without ostentation, and not for effect, she is doing a great work in Rome. She really loves her people, not as the lion loves the lamb, to eat it, but honestly and sincerely, and in an entirely humane way. She loves them, and is delighted always at the respect they show her and returns it with interest. Her face beams with delight—kindly delight—at the recognition of her, and she never fails to acknowledge it. She has founded schools for girls, she is active in relieving distress, she is accessible by the people, and she is doing all that in her lies to elevate her people and improve their condition. She is not passively good, but actively. She finds out trouble and seeks opportunities to do good, and all without appearing in it herself. The credit goes to her agents, she gets her reward in the doing of it. The Roman people know her, however, and she has more sincere steady friends among her subjects than any crowned woman in Europe.

As King Humbert is very like her in this sort of thing, and as they both both are doing all that is possible to better their people, and as the people are not yet fit for a republic, republican as I am, I most heartily wish long life and more power to the good King and Queen of Italy. They are the only two that I could possibly wish this of.

But this has nothing to do with the carnival.

Our Story Teller.

Written For the Blade.

ATLANTIS.

BY HENRY LONGFELLOW KINER.

CHAPTER X.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DIAMOND.

Niggles, now thoroughly interested in these strange proceedings, resolved on the spot to pursue his inquiries, and gain, if possible, some clue to the mystery. The mystery of the prolonged and unaccountable stay of the ship in the port where she now lay, was, evidently, in occult way connected with the great temple. But what could he do? How could he proceed? There stood the vast mountain of stone with its heaven-searching tower, all dark, gloomy, bolted, barred and inscrutable. The boy did as 99 men in a hundred would probably have done under the circumstances; he gained a sheltered nook safe from observation, and proceeded to stare at the building with all his might.

A heavy mist or fog, such as had rested upon the Town for months, trailed like a ghostly garment about the gray old walls. Of the many windows all were dark and silent. Niggles made the complete circuit of the building, but all was silent, solemn, impenetrable. He regained the point from whence he had started on the circuit, and again took a long stare from top to bottom, and from end to end of the walls.

A light suddenly appeared at one of the windows near the roof. At the same moment a tall shadow passed between the window and the light. Niggles knew the shadow. It was Pariah's. Quick as lightning he counted the windows from the end of the building to that containing the light, and counted the tiers of windows from the ground up, so as to precisely locate the window should the light disappear.

Two great points in his object had been attained: He had tracked his master to his rendezvus, and located the precise apartment in which he visited. The third and most dangerous point must now be made. He desired to know why his master visited that room. In ascertaining he must climb to the window.

In all exercises involving muscular energy and physical prowess, Niggles was proficient beyond his years. He could swim many miles if necessary, and the whim seized him. He had gamboled in the tall masts of ships ever since he could remember, as the young squirrel gambols in the tree containing his parental nest. He possessed great renown in many of the ports of the earth as a wrestler and boxer.

A youth with these varied accomplishments need not be expected to deliberate long as to what course to pursue, when placed in young Niggles's position. Niggles did not hesitate an instant. Divesting himself of his thick shoes, and concealing them beneath his coat in an angle a wall, he began to wriggle up the great stone wall like a spider. From this window-casing to that, from abutment to cornice, from frieze to casing again, here and there, back and forth, but always upward, clambered this human insect. At last, with infinite caution, and with his toes and fingers clinched into crevices and projections that a cat would almost distrust, he peered into the room from whence streamed the dim light into the mist.

It is a marvel that the lad, in the astonishment that seemed to seize him, did not incontinently let go his hold and tumble to the earth. As it was, it was only by a mighty effort that he preserved his presence of mind, clung on with fingers and toes, and stared with amazing intensity into the room. Admonished presently that his digits, both palmal and pedal, were rapidly weakening, he began to squirm toward the earth, still staring at the window with wonder and admiration blended in his expressive face.

It was not until he had replaced his shoes, his pea-jacket and coat that he seemed to recover his presence of mind. Then, smiting his hip with much vehemence, he exclaimed in a gasping whisper:

"It's the same one as plugged me!"

He then shook his head a great number of times, with great gravity, and in a dazed manner wandered along the streets in the direction of the wharf.

"The one as plugged me!" he repeated, as he gained the now deserted wharf, and gazed distractedly at the black schooner, wrapped in darkness and mist.

"The only gal as ever had the mettle to take her own part as I ever knowed," resumed the wondering Niggles. "Years ago we was acoastin' down for a cargo, flyin' light, in bad weather and in lots o' scrapes, and had to put in here for new spars and things, after a rough and tumble fight of a week with an awful storm. The Captain and me was agoin' along the street one day, and I was a havin' all the fun I could, when I saw a little gal and made faces at her. She plugged me with her little fist square in the face. Yes she did!" exclaimed Niggles, in a transport of admiration. "And I never forgot her for it. Blest if I ever had such a sort o' all-overish done-gone feelin' here" (Niggles laid his hand on the left breast of his coat). "I don't care if I never leave this port!"

Then, still moody and abstracted, Niggles went on board, communing with himself, where he was promptly hit on the head with the fag-end of a rope in the hands of Pollux, and ordered below to wake the sentry, who had all evening exhibited a tendency to sleep off the effects of a season of social intercourse with the convivial Castor.

"I feel like murderin' that Pollux," muttered Niggles, as he loftily withdrew and went below.

The sentry was fast asleep, and reclined against a convenient cask. Niggles was astounded to find himself beckoned to by the big black chief, who lay in his usual place, looking unusually amiable. Niggles, with superhuman caution, for he like the rest was afraid of this man, approached and looked inquiringly at him.

The chief made a motion with his fettered hands toward the great shock of woolly hair upon his massive head. Niggles looked his astonishment, but said nothing. Again and again the chief repeated the sign, smiling all the time. Niggles grew nervous, and began eo sidle away. The chief redoubled his smiles and gestures. Niggles being an adventurous sprit, took a reassuring look at the fast fettered hands, and again approached. Obedient to the expressive locks and actions of the chief, the boy suddenly plunged his hands into the great shock of woolly hair. The chief grinned with delight and nodded expressively. The lad felt round in the wool. The chief redoubled his nods and grins. Niggles's hand struck some hard substance. The Chief signed to him to draw it forth. Niggles did so. It was a small, compact parcel sewed up in a piece of the skin of some wild animal. Still obedient to the Chief's gestures, Niggles ripped the parcel open.

It contained a damond of almost priceless value.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FINAL NOTE.

The heavy, gloomy days were on. Like a sodden red eye, the torrid sun loomed through the everlasting mists. The earth shuddered. The waters lay dead. The great volcano, whose bulk loomed portentously in the distance, growled and grumbled and fumed like a giant in agony.

And still the schooner "Erebus" lay in the harbor of Caledon. An earthquake was breeding in her hold, also. A volcano slumbered beneath her upper deck, which was yet to vomit forth a hot lava of human blood.

The morning after the events occurred which were related in the last chapter, Capt. Pariah appeared on deck. With hands clenched behind him, he strode moodily back and forth. He spoke to no one. Pollux and Castor, presuming upon their importance as officers of the ship, saluted him respectfully. He did not notice their salutations.

He continued his walk up and down the deck till the Summer sun was an hour high. Then he suddenly stopped and ordered Pollux to bring Niggles at once.

Pollux dived down the steep stairway with great alacrity, and grasping the still slumbering Niggles by the arm, hauled him from his hammock, and dragged him by main strength up the stairs and shoved him, still rubbing his eyes and trying to collect his faculties, into the presence of the Captain.

To the intense astonishment, and immensely to the disappointment of Pollux, the Captain laid his hand on the lad's shoulder, and spoke kindly to him. He ordered Pollux to go, which that crestfallen individual immediately did.

When Pollux had disappeared, the Captain, in tones so kindly that Niggles was half-frightened (he never was when the Captain abused him) asked if he knew the location of the Temple of Caledon.

Niggles stared wonderingly.

"I see you do not," pursued Pariah. He then elaborately described the site of the temple.

Niggles was dull of comprehension. He desired the description repeated, which was done, to the great secret joy of Niggles. Pariah then eagerly asked the boy if he thought he could find it.

Niggles agreed to try.

The Captain shoved a gold piece into his hand, such as the lad had never owned before except in dreams.

The gold piece was followed instantly by a note, which the Captain instructed the boy to give to an aged and decrepit usher, discoverable near the front entrance.

Niggles, secreting the note in the bosom of his blouse and hiding his gold piece in ample mouth, moved off.

The Captain resumed his walk. He had taken but one or two turns when he suddenly halted and hailed the boy, who was already upon the wharf. The latter slowly retraced his steps, prostrated by the opinion that Pariah had changed his mind and would reclaim the gold piece. He was much relieved to hear the Captain say he had decided not to truste the note with the aged usher, but preferred to have Niggles deliver it himself to the young lady to whom it was addressed. This was much more to Niggles's tastes, and he lost no time in expressing his approval of the change of plan; and was about to add that he would have suggested the same course himself had his views been consulted, when his flow of conversation was cut short by Pariah, who suddenly shoved him head first down the gangway, and coolly proceeded with his walk.

The day had worn away, and night had fallen ere the Captain again requested that the boy be brought to him. He then told the lad to wait till 10 o'clock, then go to the temple, gain a certain window, the location of which Pariah elaborately described, (Niggles made him repeat the description) and deliver the note to the lady he would find there.

Niggles, at the appointed time, again started on his errand.

And still Pariah paced back and forth upon the deck, wearing away the eternal, anxious hours.

"If she does not reply favorably to this within a day," he mused, "the Erebus leaves Caledon forever."

CHAPTER XII.

A FIGHT IN THE DARK.

Meanwhile the boy rambled along the streets, stopping occasionally to stare into some shop that was still alight. He had his three treasures, the diamond, gold-piece and note, safely wrapped and stowed away in an inner pocket of his blouse. This pocket he frequently patted with his hand as he lounged along in a boy's listless way, to make sure that it was safe and snug.

After looking into a hundred or more shops, without seeing anything to particularly attract his attention, his conscience suddenly smote him with the suggestion that time was passing rapidly, and his errand was unperformed. Buttoning his blouse carefully, with the double purpose of protecting his valuables, and protecting himself from the chilly fog, he jerked his tarpaulin cap firmly over his eyes, and started off on a brisk walk.

He had hardly proceeded a dozen steps when his attention was suddenly attracted to the mysterious movements of two men, one tall and the other short and heavy. Each was dark and evil in appearance. They seemed to avoid observation, and shuffled along rapidly, peering about them and looking frequently behind. They shot down a narrow alley presently, and, though the direction was nearly opposite the one that led to the temple, Niggles followed.

They stopped almost as soon as Niggles entered the alley. With the quick intuition born of fear and guilt, they recognized the fact that they were being followed. Observing Niggles' youth, they allowed him to come up. They scowled and glared threateningly at him as he went by. Niggles whistled a familiar air in an indifferent manner as he swaggered between the two, and sauntered on down the alley.

The men furtively followed the boy, waiting, however, till he had become hidden in a pall of shadows beyond the confines of the illumination from the street.

Suddenly the whistling and nonchalant Niggles missed the pair. Turning upon his heels, he rushed back, peering eagerly into all the dark windows on both sides of the alley. No light or sign of life was manifest in any of them. If Niggles had been superstitious, he might have endowed the evil-appearing strangers with the spiritual property of being able to sink into the ground on a moment's notice; but, being of an earthly nature, he decided that the two men had gone into one of those buildings. Which one, he determined, for his own gratification, to ascertain. He was revolving in his mind a plan for knocking at all the doors softly and confidentially, within a dozen rods of the spot where the strange men had disappeared, when his vision was gratified at beholding a dim light at the extreme further end of a long room, the rear window and door appertaining to which were immediately before his face.

Niggle's nose was at once flattened against the panes, and the eyes on either side of that inquiring member of society were riveted on the actions of the evil pair. And an abject and shivering old man. The latter was hastily clad, as if recently aroused from sleep. The two dark men stood before the old man, and produced from a leathern pouch, a quantity of vessels, consisting for the most part of urns and vases of gold and silver and orichaleum. The shivering old man examined these articles minutely, weighed each carefully, and then appeared by his gestures to enter into a violent dispute with the dark men, evidently relative to the value of the articles. At length he paid them a large sum in gold, which they secreted about their persons.

"Here," thought Niggles, "is a go. Just the place I've been a-lookin' for, to trade off that blasted black chief's diamond for money. He motioned round enough to let me know that he wanted me to sell it and bring him the money. He agreed, as well as he could, to give me part of the proceeds, and I guess he'll do it. I know about what diamonds are worth. The Captain has bought and sold lots o' them down in Ethiopia. Can't fool me much on 'em. This is the biggest one I ever seed. Wonder how much it will fetch?"

During his soliloquy, Niggles had been trifling with the door-latch, and at last, as his mind dwelt upon the glittering probabilities of the result of the sale, he involuntarily raised the latch with considerable noise. The men glanced up quickly, and Niggles, being observed, boldly entered.

The dim light was immediately extinguished, and the most profound silence prevailed. Nothing daunted, Niggles entered. He sought the long table with his hands, found it, and stumbled along it toward the other end of the store. In a few moments he found himself grasped and firmly held. At the same time the light was re-lit. Niggles found himself in custody of the two dark men. The old man, shivering worse than ever, held the lantern aloft, and peered eagerly over the counter at the boy.

The two dark men, savagely pulling and hauling Niggles back and forth between them, demanded why he had followed them.

The lad said he had been seeking for a place to sell a diamond, and from his observations of this establishment, he thought he had struck the right shop.

The two dark men looked at each other, then cast a furtive glance at the old man. The latter's hawk-nose protruded ever the counter like a hook, ready to grasp the boy by the collar, and never let go of him. His eager eyes glowed with cupidity. He was about to ask the boy to show the purse, when the taller of the men fiercely whirled the boy about, and demanded to know if he had not picked that diamond up on the street but a moment before.

"Yes, what was you followin' us for?" asked the short man in a hoarse whisper. "You saw me drop that diamond, I'll be bound."

"Saw me drop it," rejoined the tall man with an oath.

"I can swear that I dropped it," said the short man vehemently.

"Much good your oath is," muttered the tall man with a sneer.

"Do you doubt my word or oath?"

"Aye, as all others doubt it."

The short man immediately retorted with a violent blow. A terrific fight ensued, during which the light was upset. The two men rolled over and over each other in the darkness, clutched in desperate embraces, each endeavoring to get at his own dagger and prevent his antagonist from securing his. The frightened old man crawled beneath a pile of crates, and appealed to heaven for protection.

The scene, though invisible, was much to Niggles's taste. It was full of excitement and tumultuous activity. Something fell at his feet. He stooped and grasped the bag in which he had seen the old man place the vessels of precious metal after their purchase from the villains. At the same moment his feet were knocked violently from under him by the murderous pair on the floor. Gathering himself up, now ornamented with a peeled nose, he began to move toward the door. He was minus his hat, which had tumbled off while he was rolling about. An idea seized him. The men on the floor were trying to rob him. The same desire had been manifested by the old gentleman under the crates praying for his life. Turn about was fair play. He was never long in making up his mind, nor to act when his mind was made up. He grasped the bag containing the precious vessels, and glided still as a spirit to the door. He found it as he had left it, slightly ajar. He opened it noiselessly with his foot, and was in the alley. In another moment he was speeding from the place like the wind. He unconsciously headed his course for the ship.

CHAPTER XIII.

A STRANGER IN THE TEMPLE.

The night being now far advanced, and the eternal fog settling down lower and thicker upon everything, the lad shivered with the cold. With all his suddenly-acquired wealth, he was selfish enough to bemoan the loss of his cap.

Another idea struck him. He placed the vessels upon the ground, after having first looked around with infinite caution to assure himself that the street was entirely deserted. He then selected one of the vases, and placed it, inverted, upon his head. It made an excellent protection from the deathly fog.

The ship was dark and deserted, save by one sleepy watchman, who only wakened sufficiently to growl a curse at the lad as he passed. Hastening below, the lad hastily secreted his bag of precious vessels, and putting on a tarpaulin cap, darted forth upon his errand, with dire misgivings relative to being able to deliver his master's note, now that it was so late.

To his surprise he found the vast building ablaze with light. Many people were flitting to and fro, carrying lamps. At the front portal was the old usher, frantic with excitement, wringing his hands and moaning.

Here was more excitement, and Niggles chuckled to think he had come along just in the nick of time to witness it. He greatly wondered what it was all about, and determined to make an investigation.

He squirmed along to the door of the temple, unseen by the ancient usher, and promptly glided in. Seeing a tall man with a lamp at a great distance down the main corridor, he stepped behind a massive pillar, and carefully protruding his head, noted the actions of the man.

The tall man suddenly turned and came rapidly toward him. Niggles made himself as small as he could, and crouched behind the pillar; but the tall man had an eagle eye, and was eagerly looking in every nook and cranny. He caught a glimpse of Niggles's raiment, and immediately darted at the lad and caught him fiercely by the arm, at the same time raising an alarm. The aged usher and a troop of female inmates were soon gathered about the lad, regarding him with great disfavor, not unmixed with fear.

"Boy, who are you?" demanded Father Vesta, still holding him firmly by the arm.

"Niggles."

"Niggles what?"

"Niggles nothin', just Niggles."

"Do you know anything concerning the robbery of the sacred vessels of the temple, which robbery took place this night and has just been discovered?"

Niggles, by a great effort, controlled his countenance, and said he knew nothing of the robbery.

"Or of the robbers?"

"I think I saw 'em, sir."

"Where are they now?" eagerly pursued the priest.

"If they were members of your church, they are probably both in Heaven now," returned Niggles with a slight sigh.

"You wicked lad, this is no time nor place for jesting! Who and what are you, and—"

"I know that chap!" here piped a peppery little voice, and Vigis edged her way to him. "I saw him once with—"

Vigis paused and looked confused.

"The one as plugged me!" murmured Niggles, rubbing his hands and regarding her in an ecstacy of admiration.

"Vigis, I have seen a man—a tall, lank man in a cloak—lurking in the vicinity of the temple on various occasions. His frequent appearances and apparent aimlessness have aroused my suspicions. I thought of him as soon as the sacred vessels were missed. Was the man you saw this boy with, similar to the man I have described?

"Yes," admitted Nigis, after some strange show of hesitation and confusion.

At this moment the ancient usher, overcome by the excitement incident upon the robbery, and a sense of his own culpability as guardian of the fane, fell in a swoon. Niggles promptly took advantage of this momentary withdrawal of the general attention from himself, to slip the note into Vigis' hand. That sharp young woman had it concealed in a twinkling. Much encouraged by her tact and acumen, Niggles fervently grasped her hand, and gave it a powerful squeeze. The hand was withdrawn with

young man watched what she was doing earnestly enough for a few moments; then his attention wandered away to Nanina. She looked at him reproachfully, and he answered by a sign which brought a smile to her face directly. Maddalena surprised her at the instant of the change, and, following the direction of her eyes, easily discovered at whom the smile was directed. She darted a glance of contempt at Nanina, threw down the modeling tool, and turned indignantly to the young sculptor, who was affecting to be hard at work again.

"Signor Fabio," she said "the next time you forgot what is due to your rank and yourself, warn me of it, if you please, beforehand, and I will take care to leave the room." While speaking the last words she passed through the doorway. Father Rocco, bending abstractedly over his plaster mixture, heard her continue to herself in a whisper, as she went by him: "If I have any influence at all with my father, that impudent beggar-girl shall be forbidden the studio."

"Jealousy on the other side," thought the priest. "Something must be done at once, or this will end badly."

He looked again at the glass; and saw Fabio, after an instant of hesitation, beckon to Nanina to approach him. She left her seat, advanced half-way to his, then stopped. He stepped forward to meet her, and, taking her by the hand, whispered earnestly in her ear. When he had done, before dropping her hand, he touched her cheek with his lips, and then helped her on with the little white mantilla which covered her head and shoulders out of doors. The girl trembled violently, and drew the linen close to her face as Fabio walked into the larger studio, and, addressing Father Rocco, said:

"I am afraid I am more idle, or more stupid, than ever to-day. I can't get on with the bust at all to my satisfaction; so I have cut short the sitting, and given Nanina a half-holiday."

At the sound of his voice, Maddalena, who was speaking to her father, stopped, and, with another look of scorn at Nanina standing trembling in the door-way, left the room. Luca Lomi called Fabio to him as she went away, and Father Rocco, turning to the statuette, looked to see how the plaster was hardening on it. Seeing them thus engaged, Nanina attempted to escape from the studio without being noticed; but the priest stopped her just as she was hurrying by him.

"My child," said he, in his gentle, quiet way, "are you going home?"

Nanina's heart beat too fast for her to reply in words; she could only answer by bowing her head.

"Take this for your little sister," pursued Father Rocco, putting a few silver coins in her hands; "I have got some customers for those mats she plaits so nicely. You need not bring them to my rooms; I'll come and see you this evening, when I am going my rounds among my parishioners, and will take the mats away with me. You are a good girl, Nanina—you have always been a good girl; and as long as I am alive, my child, you shall never want a friend and adviser."

Nanina's eyes filled with tears. She drew the mantilla closer than ever round her face, as she tried to thank the priest. Father Rocco nodded to her kindly, and laid his hand lightly on her head for a moment, then turned round again to his cast.

"Don't forget my message to the lady who is to sit for me to-morrow," said Luca to Nanina, as she passed him on her way out of the studio.

After she had gone, Fabio returned to the priest, who was still busy over his cast.

"I hope you will get on better with the bust to-morrow," said Father Rocco, politely; "I am sure you cannot complain of your model."

"Complain of her!" cried the young man, warmly; "she has the most beautiful head I ever saw. If I were 20 times the sculptor that I am, I should despair of being able to do her justice."

He walked into the inner room to look at his bust again—lingered by it for a little while—and then turned to retrace his steps to the larger studio. Between him and the door-way stood three chairs. As he went by them, he absently touched the backs of the first two, and passed the third; but just as he was entering the larger room he stopped, as if struck by a sudden reection, returned hastily, and touched the third chair. Raising his eyes as he approached the large studio again after doing this, he met the eyes of the priest fixed on him in unconcealed astonishment.

"Signor Fabio!" exclaimed Father Rocco, with a sarcastic smile, "who would ever have imagined that you were superstitious?"

"My nurse was," returned the young man, reddening and laughing rather uneasily. "She taught me some bad habits that I have not got over yet." With those words he nodded, and hastily went out.

"Superstitious," said Father Rocco, softly, to himself. He smiled again, reflected for a moment, and then, going to the window, looked into the street. The way to the left led to Fabio's palace, and the way to the right to the Campo Santo, in the neighborhood of which Nanina lived. The priest was just in time to see the young sculptor take the way to the right.

After another half an hour had elapsen the two workmen quitted the studio to go to dinner, and Luca and his brother were left alone.

"We may return now," said Father Rocco, "to that conversation which was suspended between us earlier in the day."

"I have nothing more to say," rejoined Luca, sulkily.

"Then you can listen to me, brother, with the greater attention," pursued the priest. "I objected to the coarseness of your tone in talking of our young pupil and your daughter; I object still more strongly to your insinuation that my desire to see them married (provided always that they are sincerely attached to each other) springs from a mercenary motive."

"You are trying to snare me, Rocco, in a mesh of fine phrases; but I am not to be caught. I know what my own motive is for hoping that Maddalena may get an offer of marriage from this wealthy young gentleman; she will have his money, and we shall all profit by it. That is coarse and mercenary, if you please; but it is the true reason why I want to see Maddalena married to Fabio. You want to see it, too; and for what reason, I should like to know, if not for mine?"

"Of what use would wealthy relations be to me? What are people with money—what is money itself—to a man who follows my calling?"

"Money is something to everybody."

"Is it? When have you found that I have taken any account of it? Give me money enough to buy my daily bread, and to pay for my lodging and my coarse cassock, and, though I may want much for the poor, for myself I want no more. When have you found me mercenary? Do I not help you in this studio for love of you and of the art, without exacting so much as journeyman's wages. Have I ever asked you for more than a few crowns to give away on feast days among my parishioners? Money! money for a man who may be summoned to Rome to-morrow, who may be told to go at half an hour's notice on a foreign mission that may take him to the ends of the earth, and who would be ready to go the moment when he was called on! Money to a man who has no wife, no children, no interests outside the sacred circle of the Church? Brother, do you see the dust and dirt and shapeless marble chips lying around your statue there? Cover that floor instead with gold, and, though the litter may have changed in color and form, in my eyes it would be litter still."

"A very noble sentiment, I dare say, Rocco, but I can't echo it. Granting that you care nothing for money, will you explain to me why you are so anxious that Maddalena should marry Fabio? She has had offers from poorer men, you knew of them, but you have never taken the least interest in her accepting or rejecting a proposal befor."

"I hinted the reason to you months ago when Fabio first entered the studio."

"It was rather a vague hint, brother; can't you be plainer to day?"

"I think I can. In the first place, let me begin by assuring you that I have no objection to the young man himself. He may be a little capricious and undecided, but he has no incorrigible faults that I have discovered."

"That is rather a cool way of praising him, Rocco."

"I should speak of him warmly enough, if he were not the representative of a tolerable corruption and a monstrous wrong. Whenever I think of him, I of an injury which his present existence perpetuates; and if I do speak of him coldly, it is only for that reason."

Luca looked away quickly from his brother, and began kicking absently at the marble chips which were scattered over the floor around him.

"I now remember," he said, "what that hint of yours pointed at. I know what you mean."

"Then you know," answered the priest, "that, while part of the wealth which Fabio d'Ascoli possesses is honestly and incontestably his own, part, also, has been inherited by him from the spoilers and robbers of the Church."

"Blame his ancestors for that; don't blame him."

"I blame him as long as the spoil is not restored."

"How do you know that it was spoil, after all?"

"I have examined more carefully than most men the records of the civil wars in Italy; and I know that the ancestors of Fabio d'Ascoli wrung from the Church, in her hour of weakness, property which they dared to claim as their right. I know of titles to lands signed away, in those stormy times, under the influence of fear, or through false representations of which the law takes no account. I call the money thus obtained spoil, and I say that it ought to be restored, to the Church from which it was taken."

"And what does Fabio answer to that, brother?"

"I have not spoken to him on the subject."

"Why not?"

"Because I have, as yet, no influence over him. When he is married, his wife will have influence over him, and she shall speak."

"Maddalena, I suppose? How do you know that she will speak?"

"Have I not educated her? Does she not understand what her duties are toward the Church, in whose bosom she has been reared?"

Luca hesitated uneasily, and walked away a step or two before he spoke again.

"Does this spoil, as you call it, amount to a large sum of money?" he asked, in an anxious whisper.

"I may answer that question, Luca, at some future time," said the priest. "For the present, let it be enough that you are acquainted with all I undertook to inform you of when we began our conversation. You now know that if I am anxious for this marriage to take place, it is from motives entirely unconnected with self-interest. If all the property which Fabio's ancestors wrongfully obtained from the Church were restored to the Church to-morrow, not one paulo of it would go into my pocket.

"I am a poor priest now, and to the end of my days shall remain so. You soldiers of the world, brother, fight for your pay; I am a soldier of the Church, and I fight for my cause."

Saying these words, he returned abruptly to the statuet; and he refused to speak, or leave his employment again, until he had taken the mold off, and had carefully put away the various fragments of which it consisted. This done, he drew a writing desk from the drawer of his working table, and, taking out a slip of paper, wrote these lines:

"Come down to the studio to-morrow, Fabio will be with us, but Nanina will return no more."

Without signing what he had written, he sealed it up, and directed it to "Donna Maddalena," then took his hat, and handed the note to his brother.

"Oblige me by giving that to my niece," he said.

"Tell me, Rocco," said Luca, turning the note round and round perplexedly between his finger and thumb, "do you think Maddalena will be lucky enough to get married to Fabio?"

"Still coarse in your expressions, brother!"

"Never mind my expressions. Is it likely?"

"Yes, Luca, I think it is likely."

With those words he waved his hand pleasantly to his brother, and went out.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Written for the Toledo Blade.

PIONEER LIFE.

Recollections of Early Days in the West.

BY DR. H. SCOTT.

No. 13.

The wild turkey had some habits that were very remarkable; in fact closely allied, if not inseparable from the intellect of man. And yet, in proportion to the size of its body, there was no bird of the ferest which had a less volume of brain. I will refer to but one of its habits. In suddenly coming upon a mother turkey in the woods, in the latter part of May or early in June, one would see at a single glance, sometimes, her brood of young about her feet, but only at a glance, for, as quick as a flash of thought, every one of them became invisible. The mother instantly, with a few clucks of alarm, started off on a lively run. Your first thought, perhaps, would be to secure the chickens, and, hastening to the spot, you would search in vain for several yards around. Your attention would then be directed toward the hen, who took care to let you know where she was. At the distance of a few rods you would see her fluttering along, with one or both wings dragging the ground, her whole attitude that of terrible distress, as if desperately wounded and making her best efforts to get away from you. You would start in pursuit, thinking only of an easy capture. But with the same sagacity that decoyed you away from her family, she would see that a safe distance was maintained. At last you would give it up, and return to the search for the young, but with no better success. And when you had got some distance away, after abandoning the whole enterprise, you would hear the calls and answers of the mother and chickens, and when they were reunited, they were off as fast as their feet could carry them into the depths of the forest. I have hunted an hour just where a minute before I had seen the little imps disappear, but never found one in my life. Where they concealed themselves it was impossible to conjecture. The partridge had precisely the same habit.

The brood of the wild turkey was from 12 to 15, and it was seldom that one of their eggs proved addle. The period of incubation was 28 days. Nests full of wild turkey eggs were sometimes found and carried in and hatched under barn hens. The young would stay with their foster mother, as tame as any chickens, until they were half grown, or until late in the Fall, when they suddenly disappeared, and were never known in any instance to return. Both the wild turkey and the partridge were solitary during the propagating season. At all other times they went in flocks. It has been the opinion of some naturalists that the wild and domestic turkey are the same, identically, the difference in color being ascribed to long familiarity of the latter with tame geese and barn fowls. This is reasonable, for there are certainly no other differences.

Some writers have advanced the theory, that the singing birds of the forests, such as the robin, jay bird, blue bird, wren, thrush, pewee, whippoorwill, lark, black bird, woodpecker, and some other varieties, follow the emigration of man, and that none of them existed in the primitive conditions of the wild West. There are reasons for believing this true; and yet it cannot be determined at this late day. Explorers of the West, previous to the begining of the settlements, did not find the singing birds; at least not in great numbers, and not far west of the Ohio River. To go back previous to the establishment of the French colonies along the lakes and large rivers of the West, and the English fur trading posts, to the time when only savage men and beasts inhabited the vast extent of country, is not now possible, and consequently the question is not capable of solution.

The gray squirrel has, to some extent, been an enigma. Did they belong to the country in its native state, in any considerable numbers, or do they follow man, and dwell with him? One thing was true of them, wherever they may have come from, they made their appearance in very considerable numbers around the little openings in the woods as soon as the fields were cleared and corn patches grown. They subsist on acorns, it is true, but they have always seemed to have a peculiar penchant for the white man's corn-field. As far back as 1810 to 1815, the whole country swarmed with them. Where they came from in such immense numbers, or what has become of them, are questions rather to be guessed at; but it is very evident that there is not one squirrel now in any of the thickly settled parts of the West, to where there were 50 or 100, 50 years ago. It does not seem that the war upon them with the rifle could so have reduced their numbers, regarding the rapidity of their natural production. It may be said, that they abounded most between the years 1812 and 1840, after which they seemed to begin to diminish, regardless of the existence of the facilities everywhere for their increase.

So numerous did they become some times, as to render it exceedingly difficult to save the corn crop from their rapacity in the ripening season of that indispensable cereal. The exigencies at length brought about the organization of squirrel hunts on a systematized plan, in which hundreds of thousands of the pestiferious vermin were destroyed with the rifle. One of many similar hunts of this kind took place in Franklin County, O., in the Autumn of 1816, with Columbus as the central point, and the Scioto river as the dividing line. The number of men engaged in the hunt was about 200, besides men and boys. The men were divided into equal parties, one taking the west and the other the east side of the river. By arrangement the parties came together at night at Columbus, where it was found that 15,000 scalps had been taken in a single day. The wager to be awarded to the party having the greatest number of scalps, was a barrel of whisky and a supper, to be paid for by the party counting the fewest scalps. In these hunts boys were taken along as beaters or drivers, and to take the scalps off and string them. And though a great many many similar hunts were carried out year after year, though not often on so large a scale. The number of the squirrel's were not only not materially diminished, but actually seemed to increase. It was no uncommon thing, by the rallying of the boys to find dozens of them in a single when a strong cloud of them was struck, for they seemed to move in fleets

The travel of the squirrels was a phenomenon yet remembered by the oldest inhabitants. It occurred once in three or four years, and always in the latter part of Summer and in the Fall. The people were suddenly surprised within a week by the appearance, as if by magic, of legions of sqirrels. They seemed to be migrating. They made descents on the cornfields, and in some instances, in spite of the utmost vigilance, utterly destroyed them. So far as the recollection of the writer serves him, they seemed to come from the north and were moving south. This was evidenced by their entering water courses from the north bank. They would swim over streams or ponds of water in clouds. At a mill pond, where we went to mill, the boys would stand on the south bank, armed with clubs, and slay them by scores, for they would swim to the very feet of their slayers. But they had to be struck in the water, for if they once got a footing on land, they were off up a tree with remarkable sprightliness. In regard to the direction of their course, persons differed in different localities. The writer gives his own recollections only

In coming to a plantation, they never turned aside, but would move directly across house-yards or stable-yards, at the risk of being picked up by dogs, or knocked in the head with clubs. Thousands of them were speared on the bushes that were not tall enough for them to get out of reach. The spear was a sharp iron fixed in the end of a slim pole like a pitchfork handle, and of the length of about 10 or 12 inches. Half a dozen of them could thus be speared from the same bush.

After the travel was over, many thousands of them were left behind. They took up their Winter quarters in the hollow trees all through the woods, from which, in the cold weather, they descended and approached the corn cribs, but too feeble from starvation to escape from the boys, always on the watch for them. In felling hollow trees in the woods, sometimes a dozen or more of them came out, too emaciated to get out of the way, and were dispatched with clubs.

Humor.

Wonderful Presence of Mind.

Peck's Sun.

"Right here in Milwaukee Bay, about 30 years ago, a friend and myself started out for a fish on the pier, and had taken our guns along to shoot ducks. Well, we hadn't been there long before I in some way lost my powder horn overboard and it sank in 30 feet of water. There it lay on the bottom in plain sight. My friend said he would dive for it. I noticed he didn't take off his powder horn, and before I could call attention to it he was in the water. I waited about 20 minutes—"

"Twenty minutes!" they all exclaimed.

"That's the exact time, my friends. I held my watch in my hand and timed him. After 20 minutes I began to get a little nervous, and looked over the side of the boat, and what do you think I saw?"

"I suppose your friend laid on the bottom of the lake, drowned," ventured one.

"No, you are wrong. Here is where he showed his presence of mind and thieving disposition. There he sat on the bottom of the lake pouring powder out of my horn into his, and whistling. That's what I consider a remarkable incident of a man's presence of mind."

No reply was made by any of his listeners, but each one quietly got up, looking suspiciously at the story teller, and left him alone, master of the situation.

Crushed Again.

Rob. Burdette.

Victor Hugo told an American visitor recently that he regarded Edgar A. Poe as "the Prince of American poets." He thinks that Mr. Whittier is "a womanly versifier," Mr. Lowell as a "smart chatterer" (*babiard habile*), and of Oliver Wendell Holmes as "afflictingly laughable" (*comique a faire pleurer*.)

The old man doesn't appear to have said anything about "us." Maybe he never read our "ode to a hen;" likewise to the butcher. He never saw our play, "Vera, the Branded Mule; or, Lifted Beyond the Gates," written in streaks of prose and blank verse, like breakfast bacon, the prose poetical and the blank verse prosy. That's all right. The day will come when Victor Hugo will lie down to die, unless, being a remarkably strong man, he prefers to die standing up. Then he will forget all these French things he said about Edgar, and John and James, and he will realize that one page of our "Slugged by a Dude, or, the Irony of Fate," would make a dying man wish he had died before "we" were born. Victor Hugo may think it very smart to snub the *Hawkeye* now. Wait until he comes out West to lecture, and the river editor drops on him with an electrotype interview.

He Remembered Sally Jane Benderley.

Walla Walla Watchman.

Jim Sniverly had been absent from Walla Walla for several years. He returned not long since and one of the first men he met was Bill Tinkerson. They had just taken a social drink, when Bill remarked: "Do you remember Sally Jane Benderley?" "That great big, gawky, red-headed girl with freckles as big as a dime all over her nose?" "Yes—that's the gal." "Of course I remember her. Nobody could ever forget her. It is impossible to duplicate a face like that. She had a mouth like a catfish. What of her?" "Oh, nothing, except that she is my wife, that's all." "Is that so?" exclaimed Bill, a little confused; "then let me congratulate you while we drink to the health of Sally Jane. She may not be handsome, but she'll make you a good wife. Here's to her."

Talk in Young Society.

Boston Transcript.

[Enter Thomas and Charles.]

Thomas and Charles—"Good evening, ladies."

Kate—"How do, Charley. Tom? Where have you been this age?"

Josephine—"Sure enough! Henry Brown was in just now. Did you meet him?"

Thomas—"Hen is a great fellow, ain't he? Did he give you a lecture on metempsychosis, or a dissertation on frogs' legs as a remedy for the unsettled condition of the labor market?"

Kate—"Oh, Tom! you're too hard on Henry. You shouldn't have said that before mamma. But his conversation is a little tedious sometimes."

Charles—"Hen's a muff."

Josephine—"What's the news?"

Thomas—"Ain't any. Charley, who was that girl you was so sweet on in the car 's afternoon?"

Charles—"Didn't I mash her, though?"

Josephine—"Oh, you naughty boy!"

Thomas—"Charley gets the bulge on all of us."

Charles—"Where did you get those cigarets, Tom? Boss ones!"

Thomas—"Got 'em in New York. Can't get a decent cigaret in Boston. Have tried 'em all. By the way, Charley, you want to try Snigglefritz's beer. Beats anything in town. Drank six glasses there last night."

Charles—"Who beats this afternoon?"

Thomas—"The Long Stockings—six to nothing—regular whitewash. Catchemup is an awful muffer, and Slick pounded the Yellar Legs all over the field. But we must be going, Charley. Good-by, Joe; good by, Kate."

Charles—"Good-by, girls."

Kate and Josephine—"Good-by. Should think you might stop longer, though." [Exit Thomas and Charles.]

Kate—"Tom's a nice fellow isn't he."

Josephine—"What a splendid conversationalist."

Kate—"Oh, yes; Tom can talk on any subject."

Josephine—"He isn't much like Henry."

Kate—"No, I hope not. No matter what comes up, Tom's never lost for a word. He's so entertaining. And then one learns so much talking with him."

Too Particular.

Wall Street News.

"No, I vhas not insured any more mit fire insurance companies," he replied.

"Why not?"

"Vhel, dey vas too particular, my friendt."

"How do you mean?"

"Vhell, vhen I vhas on Shatam street I carry two tousand tollar. My brudder Moses vhas right across der street in der same paesness but he carry none. One night he purned oudt und I don't. I tell der company to gif Moses a bit mit my two tousand, and explain dot we vhas brudders and partners and all in der same family, but not a tollar would dey gif Moses. Poor fellow. He haf to open a junk shop in Nashville and burn oudt tree times before he comes back mit capital to go into der clothing peesness again."

She Was Engaged.

Merchant Traveler.

A traveling man, noticing a pretty gir alone in the car, went over in her direction and smilingly asked:

"Is this seat engaged, miss?"

"No, sir, it is not. I am, and he's to get on at the next station."

"Oh—ah—indeed—thanks—beg—pardon—" and he picked up his feet after stumbling over them, and went into the smoking-car to be alone awhile.

Feminine Intelligence.

Hartford Post.

How refreshingly ingenuous feminine intelligence displays itself at a ball game. "What has that man got on his face, a muzzle?" "Why no, that's a protector." "Not a chest protector?" "Oh no; the idea! You see when that man swings the stick around and it don't hit the ball, and then he swings it around again and don't hit the ball, this man is obliged to put on the muzzle. That's part of the game. I don't know how much it counts."

It is mighty embarrassing to a man who has some religious friends staying with him, to have his dog, which has been very quiet during week days, begin right after breakfast Sunday to run to the gun in the corner and turn to his master and wag his tail, and then run back to the gun again.

RECENT LITERATURE.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

The contents of this for September are: Centennial of the Cincinnati, a Baltimore Penny, The Geographical Nomenclature of Louisiana, John Dickinson, LL. D., A National Heirloom, Lafayette's Tour in 1824, A Bending Oak, Original Documents, Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies, Book Notices. A fine portrait or steel engraving of Hon. Hamilton Fish forms the frontispiece.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The October number equals in interest its predecessors, and contains many well-written and entertaining articles. Among the contents are "From Oxford to Cambridge," an interesting illustrated article; "Bottger Experimenting before Augustus the Strong;" "A Chapter on Sitting-Rooms;" "Peasant and Painter;" "How we Live in New York—The Working Girl," by Jennie June; the continuation of "Agathe De Valsuze;" several shorter stories, "Home Art and Home Comfort," and "Current Notes," which treat of the "World's Progress." The illustrations form an important feature of this excellent publication, and add greatly to its interest. The October number has for a frontispiece a fine steel engraving, after Dieffenbach's beautiful painting, "The Foster Mother's Alarm." A litho-photo of Mrs. Phinney's statue of the Lorelei, now owned by Mr. Jennings Demorest, also adorns this number.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

George Washington, frontispiece, engraved by Kreull, from the painting by Gilbert Stuart, in the Boston Museum of the Fine Arts. "Last Days of Washington's Army at Newburgh," J. T. Headly. "Daiecarlia, II," F. D. Millet; "Nicaise de Keyser," B. Gustafson; "Prisoners, Part II," Rose Hawthorne Lathrop; "Saunterings in Utah," Phil Robinson; "Among the Blue-Grass Trotters," William H. Bishop; "The Dawning of Independence," T. W. Higginson; "A Castle in Spain. A Novel. Part VI;" "Good-Night and Good Morrow. A Poem," Philip Bourke Marston; "The Wood-Nymph. A Sculptor's Romance," Tighe Hopkins; Editor's Easy Chair—"The Strike of Telegraph Operators," "A Social Stand," "Revolutionary Centennials on the Hudson," "Occupations of Women," "The Praise of Knaves," "Hampstead Heath."

The Day of the People is Dawning.

New York Herald.

Wars will henceforth be made by the people, not the Princes. Their issues will not be found in the almanac of Gotha. Kings may marry and Kings may quarrel without making any stir among the nations. Old Emperor William may receive his numerous relations without affecting the peace of Europe, and the world will not be profoundly moved even if the resuscitated King Cetewayo is restored to the bosom of his family.

A Safe Retreat.

Dayton Journal.

Dorsey has become the favorite of the Democracy since his repudiation by Republicans. Is the Democratic party the safe retreat for the scoundrels of their own and the rejected rascals of the Republican party?

Rewards of Journalism.

New York World.

Journalism has its rewards in this country. The late Editor Hugh Hastings will have as pall-bearers a President of the United States, two statesmen, four millionaires and a newspaper publisher.

Not Any for Them.

Lowell Courier.

Rev. Dr. Armitage, of New York, in his sermon yesterday expressed his belief that Christians will know each other better hereafter than they do now. A good many of them would rather not.

Miscellany.

FOR THE LADIES.

Women very seldom make puns, and now we think of it, that must be the secret of woman's fascination for men.

Lady Paget says that a woman with a big nose ought to wear hair at the back of the head so as to re-establish the balance.

A Kansas City woman appeared on the street at night in a Mother Hubbard dress and was promptly arrested by a policeman.

A Portland woman hit a man with an egg because he kissed his hand to her. Served him right. Next time he'll know enough to kiss the woman.

A lady at the Driving Park, Chico, Nev., lost a $12 hat last week. It was carried away by two toy balloons, which caught in the ribbons of the hat.

Miss Nellie Rhodes, the young American whom Annie Louise Carey induced to go to Europe to study, is soon to make her debut in Genoa in "Lucretia Borgia."

Boston girls who got lost in the White Mountains the other day did not cry "Help!" but "Three ladies in this direction are in urgent need of assistance."

Miss Phœbe Couzins, the feminine Lycurgus of the West, who recently encountered a "twister" in Minnesota, will lecture this Winter on "What I Know About Cyclones."

The daughter of Bayard Taylor has, until recently, been supporting herself as a governess in New York. She and her mother declined a purse of $30,000, raised by New York ladies on learning that Bayard Taylor died poor.

After shutting up her house for some time, a Philadelphia woman used a weak tincture of iodine to stain herself and her children brown, and then succeeded in convincing all the neighbors that she had been to the seashore.

Quality and quantity: "The idea of my being jealous of Miss Smith!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown indignantly; "the idea of my being jealous of her, when I think so much of her!" "Yes; but *what* do you think?" asked Brown.

She was from Toronto, says the Buffalo *Express*, and was speaking ardently of her home. "You've no idea," she said, "how the Dominion Towns are growing." "Oh, I think I have," replied the Buffalo friend. "Able class of people, too. Read every day of lots of bank cashiers and the like gone over there to stay."

In Boston: "Ma, I really think I shall marry Mr. Perkins." "Well, my dear, if you must, you must, I suppose." "I can't see, ma, why you should object. Mr. Perkins is rich; he is actually a narobert, ma." "A what, my dear?" "A narobert, ma: you wouldn't have me make use of that vulgar word nabob, would you, ma?"

About this time the young man and maiden at the Summer resort are both wondering how they can honorably bring their prolonged flirtation to a close without an engagement. If they could only read each other's minds there would be an immediate and cheerful agreement to knock off, call it square, and forget all about it.

Women and girls "doing" the European resorts are seen with the Mother Hubbard cane, which they hold before them, leaning on it with both hands. These canes are often seen in London parks during the season, carried by elderly and young women, large bows of ribbon being tied near the top of the cane the same color as the dress.

A young lady, evidently impressed with the idea that she knows all about it, says: "If a fellow is desperately in love with a girl, and is persistent in his efforts to win her, he is sure to gain his suit. Widowers understand this point, and know exactly how to make love and propose, and you will observe they are always successful."

A woman of Quincy, Mass., to gratify her taste and improve her health, built a small greenhouse and took care of it and a garden. Now she has four forcing houses, a fern house and a garden crowded with flowers, herbs and fruit. She has three young men in training, and they need the help of only one small boy in the busy season. She has gained not only health but a competence.

A spiteful man, really: "Now tell me truly, Prof. Sharp, what do you think of my voice?" asked Miss Macscreecher, after giving the professor a specimen of her vocalization. "Oh, my dear Miss Macscreecher," replied the polite professor, "I couldn't be so rude as that." In her confidential moments Miss Macscreecher says she doesn't think much of Prof. Sharp's abilities as a musician.

A few months since, when a train passed Fargo a wealthy passenger was struck with admiration over the tender manner in which a young lady led her aged grandmother along a path near the track. Seeking an introduction, the man of riches married her in a few weeks, and now every time a train pulls into that burg at least a dozen maidens can be seen trotting their old grandmothers up and down the road.

A lady friend whispers to Mme. X. a little story which causes the latter to burst out laughing.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaims her eleven-year-old daughter, "tell me what you just told Mme. X."

"No, Bertha; such stories are not fit for children like you."

Bertha, her eyes glittering with curiosity, insists:

"Please tell it, mamma! I swear I won't understand a word of it."

I want to get a pair of driving gloves," said a consequential-looking duck, entering a gent's furnishing store and addressing a lady attendant. "Buckskin?" asked the polite saleswoman. "Oh, no," replied the impetuous customer; "I want something that will match the color of my skin." "Oh, you do?" returned the lady, quickly, taking down a box from the shelf; "try a pair of these calfskins!" The doughhead has never since patronized a store where there are women attendants.

The 17 young women who played at base ball in Oriole Park, Baltimore, on Saturday afternoon last, drew 4,000 spectators. The nines wore comfortably fitting and graceful dresses, cut off an inch or two below the knees. Jaunty hats, colored stockings, striped belts and fancy base ball shoes completed the outfit. With the brunettes the trimmings were red, with the blondes blue. The diamond was much smaller than the regulation arena, the distance between bases being 60 instead of 90 feet, and the pitcher's stand being much nearer the home plate. Few balls were caught, they were picked up.

Fashions Before Frost.

New York Journal.

Buttons grow smaller.
Dotted veils are out of style.
Mitts are not worn on the street.
Crescent-shaped bonnets are popular.
Shoulder capes are worn with plaid woollen dresses.
Side-plaited skirts are fashionable for silk dresses.
Laced shoes will be again popular this Winter for street wear.
Lace is the trimming for black silks worn by middle-aged women.
Red jerseys braided in gold tinsel are stylish worn over black silk skirts.
Dolmans and mantles of Persian cloth will not be at all worn this Winter.
Natural thistles trim some of the new brown felt hats. They are very pretty.
The newest lace is the "Lurline." It is not unlike Mechlin, but comes in yellow, blue and red.
The fashion of carrying small shopping bags on a strap slung over the shoulder is gaining favor.
The most fashionable engagement ring is a narrow circle of diamonds with sapphires alternating.
Bison cloth is the name of a handsome new material which will be used exclusively for dresses for street wear.
A feature of the Winter bonnets are the many colored strings of narrow satin ribbon which are tied beneath the chin.
The half of a dove, a pheasant or some other beautiful bird is the only trimming worn on some of the small velvet princess bonnets for Fall wear.
The newest black brocaded dresses from Worth have coquilles of yellow satin ribbon and Oriental lace, extending down the front from the neck to the skirt.
The backs of some of the new Paris gant de suede gloves are delicately embroidered. One pair, of olive-green, has a design of miniature morning-glories executed in silks in their natural colors. The effect is handsome.
An American lady in Paris has recently introduced a new and novel material for full-dress. She appeared at a large entertainment in a dress of pure white kid, fitting perfectly, and marvelously embroidered in silver.

In the delirium of fever and in restlessness, there is no such remedy as *Samaritan Nervine*.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Each bottle is warranted. Ask your druggist for it. MORRISON, PLUMMER & CO., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ills., and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Early English—baby talk.

People speak of gold as hard money, when in reality a gold dollar is a tender thing; legally so, in fact.

Star fish are doing irreparable damage it is said, to growing bivalves in the beds off Bridgeport, Conn., harbor.

The great seal of the United Kingdom is used with yellow wax for English documents, red for Scotch, and green for Irish.

This year the Southern colored camp meetings have exhibited unusual fervor. Knives, razors and revolvers have been freely used.

The City of Devil's Lake, Dakota, is not yet 100 days old, but already choice lots are sold at $2,000 each. It has seven large hotels and two banks.

"I never loved but one person," sighed Biggs. "And as a man cannot marry himself," remarked Fogg, "of course it came to nothing. Poor fellow!"

Gen. Abe Sawyer, of Key West Florida, claims to be the smallest dwarf in the world, being 32 inches high, 19 years of age and weighing only 37 pounds.

You should never chew a raw oyster. Just place him lengthwise across the end of your tongue, elevate your chin a trifle, and after that you will have nothing to do but pay for him.

Munkacsy's picture, "Christ before Pilate," has met with a wonderful reception in Manchester, England, no fewer than 130,000 people having seen it within the space of a few weeks.

A New York man was fined $300 for giving tobacco to a giraffe in Central Park. Our devil says this man was not a tramp printer, for he never knew one to give tobacco to anything or anybody.

"Why, don't you ask a blessing?" said a boarding-house keeper to the boarder. He looked all over the table, and gloomily answered: "I'd like to know what for."—*Cincinnati Merchant Traveller.*

Mr. William H. Hurlbert, recently editor of the *World*, who is now visiting the Duke of Sutherland, at Dunraven Castle, is paying the most devoted attention to the still beautiful widow of a Scotch Duke.

When Mr. Frank James took the witness stand in his own defense, it is related: "He looked the jury square in the face." Being well armed, and knowing that it was a bluff, the jury did not throw up its hands.

Italy is fortifying its frontier in Piedmont at a cost of from 6,000,000 to 7,000,000 francs. The work will, it is believed, render the Alps impassible to any army, even though led by a Hannibal or Napoleon.

Fifty thousand keys were sent to Postmasters from Washington the other day, and all arrived at their destinations. They are the keys for the 200,000 new corrugated steel locks that are to be used after Oct. 1.

"What is that man's name who is talking so loud," said a customer of a beer saloon to the Teutonic proprietor. "I don know vat hees name vas," said Hans, "but hees peesness vas a dead peat."—*Boston Bulletin.*

"Yeth," cald the dude at Watch Hill, R. I., "I came here because they said the British landed here." "But that was in 1812," said a bystander. "Yeth," said the dude, "so I've found out, and I'm leaving to-day."

A milk war is threatened in New York. The milk exchange fixed the September price at three cents, but the farmers demand three and a half, and have called a convention, to declare war if necessary, on Friday next.

In Bishopgate street, London, is a cellar where no customer can be served with two successive drinks at one sitting. If he wants a second glass he must go through the form of leaving the place and returning. This rule has been enforced for 50 years.

Mr. Sam Ward nominally lives in London, but spends most of his time visiting his titled and distinguished friends. He has, like Mr. Hurlburt, late editor of the *World*, been made a member of one or two of the most fashionable clubs in London.

The English sparrows, which are eaten in Philadelphia for reed birds, are considered as being a great delicacy. The flesh of the sparrow is darker than that of the reed bird, but the Philadelphia cooks say that only those who have never eaten anything but reed birds can tell the difference.

The colored porter of the First National Bank of Las Vegas, N. M., became suddenly insane and made a raid on the bank with fire-arms, compelling the teller, clerks and accountants to stand in a row while he drilled them in military tactics. He was finally captured and sent to an asylum.

"No, George, I can never return your love; I never dreamed you loved me so—you should have spoken of it before. But I cannot return your love." "No," moaned the broken-hearted lover as he grasped his hat, "nor the oysters and ice cream neither," and George went out into the wet.

In New Jersey, last Thursday, a ruffian assaulted a citizen with brass knuckles. At the same moment, 24 hours later, he had been arrested, convicted, sentenced, confined in the State prison and was pegging away on a pair of shoes, and had enlarged views on the rapidity of Jersey lightning as understood by the courts of justice.

About a year ago a manufacturing company in Willimantic, Conn., gave notice that after the expiration of 12 months no employe would be retained in the mills who could not read and write. Evening schools were established. The few who neglected to learn to read and write have received notice of their dismissal.

"What did you get out of that case?" asked the old lawyer. "I got my client out of it," replied the young one. "And what did he get out of it?" "Satisfaction, I reckon; I didn't leave anything else for him to get." "Young man," said the senior, proudly, "you'll never be a Judge. There is not enough money on the bench for you."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Chicago men can talk quickly when there is necessity. A reporter who caught one of them on the fly, a returned European tourist, got all this out of him between drinks: "Gone two months, Liverpool, London, Paris, Genoa, Rome, Geneva. The things that impressed me most were the London crowd, Westminster Abbey, the love of the French for Napoleon, and the decaying splendors of Rome. Good day."

S. R. Stoddard, the canoeist, who started last month to make a water voyage of about 1800 miles around New England, has abandoned the project for this season, and has arrived in Boston to put the "Atlantis" in Winter quarters. Mr. Stoddard says that it is probable that next July he will take the "Atlantis" to Edgartown, and starting from thence make a renewed effort to finish the voyage, as mapped out.

The planting of trees along the public roads of France is considered worthy of statistical mention. At present the total length of public roads in France is 18,750 miles, of which 7,250 are bordered with trees, while 4,500 miles are at present being planted, or will shortly be planted. On the remaining 7,000 miles the soil does not admit of plantations. The number of trees already planted amounts to 2,678,603.

An Indianapolis newspaper reports these remarks of an aged colored man to his little grandson, who was disposed to laugh at the appearance of a procession of veterans passing by: "Don't ye laff at dem ole soldier mens, son; dey don't look so mighty fine now, but when ye old grandaddy first saw 'em comin' down yander in South Carlina, da looked mighty

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

M. S. H., Sullivan, Ind.: Address President Oberlin College, Oberlin, O.

J. S. H., Brashear, Mo.: Write to T. W. Talmadge, Washington, D. C.

L. I. S., Boulder, Col.: Write to Samuel French & Son, 38 East 14th street, Union Square, New York City.

P. S. P., Tussey, Ky.:
Please give me the address of Peck's Sun.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Subscriber, Rossville, Ill.: Your member of Congress, or one of your Senators, will doubtless attend to the matter for you.

B. S. L., Clear Creek, Ark.:
Do the residents of the District of Columbia vote for President?
No.

J. G., Connellsville, Ind.: Write to Spencer F. Baird, Washington, D. C. From your description, we think you have a good location for a fish pond.

J. H., Boyd, Mo.:
I see that Noah's ark has been discovered on the Ararat Mountains. Is it correct?
It is supposed to be a Mulhattan story.

E. F., Newburg, W. Va.:
1. Where can I get a Compendium of Forms?
2. Are telegraph operators in demand?
1. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 2. Not at present.

G. E. S., Romney, Ind.:
1. What State was Gen. P. H. Sheridan appointed to West Point from? 2. Also his native State?
1. Ohio. 2. Ohio.

Enquirer, Elmira, N. Y.:
A man has his life insured in a mutual benefit association, certificate made out in his wife's favor. Will the children of the insured by a former wife be entitled to any part of the amount named in the policy at his death?
No.

T. C. M., Sandusky, O.:
Will you please give the date in history of the issuing by Napoleon of what was termed the Berlin and Milan decrees, making it contraband of war to receive goods on or from British ports?
November 21, 1806.

T. P. T., Ogden, Kan.:
Is there a reliable polar star visible in southern hemispheres, and by which navigators steer in southern seas, in counterpart to our pole star?
The only star deserving the name of the south pole-star is of the sixth, or least visible magnitude.

F. M., Dennisville, O.:
1. Can seed potatoes be sent through the mail throughout the Winter without getting frosted? 2. Give the address of an Ohio firm that make peach-basket boxes.
1. We think so, by being properly packed. 2. Blade Printing & Paper Company, Toledo, O.

J. B., Lockout, Mo.:
Explain the nature or symptoms of the two diseases, hernia and hernia.
Insomnia, inability to sleep. Hernia, a tumor of some part which has escaped from its natural cavity by some aperture, and projects externally—as hernia of the brain, of the thorax, of the abdomen.

J. G. W., McCook, Neb.:
Please give a history of "Providence Spring" of Andersonville, which I read about lately in your Answers to Correspondents.
There is little to be added. Water came from the ground in August, 1864, in a place where no one expected it, and it was christened "Providence Spring." No satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon has been given.

J. D., Butler, Ind.:
I heard it recently stated that A. T. Stewart could not accept a position in Grant's Cabinet because he was foreign born. Was this the reason?
His confirmation was prevented by the law which excludes from the office of Secretary of the Treasury all who are interested in the importation of merchandise, and Congress refused to remove his disabilities.

J. E. V., Far West, Kan.:
Please tell me how to to prepare scalloped oysters.
Take a quart of oysters, separate them from the liquor, and crush a pound of Boston crackers. Put a layer of the crackers at the bottom of a good sized pudding dish, then a layer of the oysters, seasoning with salt, pepper, butter and bits of lemon, then a layer of crackers, and so on. Pour over the whole the oyster liquor and a cup of milk, and bake 40 minutes.

B. S. L., Island City, Ky.:
Please give verse (and author) in which occurs the line "A union of lakes, a union of lands."
It is from "The Flag of our Union" by George P. Morris:

"A song for our banner! The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station:
United we stand—divided we fall!
It made and preserves us a nation!
The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of our Union forever!"

Inquirer, Central Grove, Miss.:
When was Mahometanism promulgated? When and how did Mahomet die?
The creed of Mahomet was promulgated A. D. 604. Mahomet asserted that the Koran was revealed to him by the angel Gabriel during a period of 23 years. It was written in the Koreish Arabic, which he asserted was the language of Paradise. Mahomet died in 631, of the effects, it is said, of a slow poison, given him in a piece of mutton three years before by a Jew, who took this method to discover if he was a true prophet, and immortal, as he had declared himself to be.

F. M. M., Hiawille, Ind.:
I see the dimensions of "Jumbo" in the BLADE of Sept. 6. What is his age? To whom does he belong?
Jumbo is about 22 years old. When first carried away into captivity he was taken to Paris, where he was kept till he was four years of age. He was then purchased by the Zoological Society of London, and was removed to their gardens in June, 1865. He was then four feet 10 inches in hight, and did not weigh one-third as much as he does at present. We do not know on what terms Barnum obtained possession of him.

J. K. F., Burning Springs, W. Va.:
1. To whom shall I write for information in regard to the Government land that can be taken by soldiers? 2. Please give a recipe for a cement to mend broken china, glass, etc.
1. First decide in what State or Territory you wish to locate, then write to the Register of the Land Office for that District. 2. Mix two ounces of a thick solution of glue with one ounce linseed oil varnish, or three-quarters of an ounce Venice turpentine; boil them together, stirring them till they mix as thoroughly as possible. The pieces cemented should be tied together for two or three days.

L. L. D., Newport, O.:
1. Will you please inform me who the first missionary was, sent out by M. E. Church, and when and where was he sent? 2. Where can I obtain a copy of a book entitled, "The Secret Service of the Rebellion?"
1. The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States was organized in 1819, but we can find no further record. The first missions of the Wesleyan Methodists were commenced in 1786, when Dr. Thomas Coke, with three other missionaries, left England for the West Indies. After the death of Wesley, Coke remained at the head of the Wesleyan Missions, and crossed the Atlantic for missionary purposes no fewer than 18 times.
2. Cannot say; try Lee & Shepard, Boston.

W. E. G., Flintstone, Md.:
Please give a history of the battle of Thermopylæ.
The battle was fought 480 B. C. Leonidas, at the head of 300 Spartans, withstood the whole force of the Persians during three days, when Ephialtes, a Trachinian, perfidiously led the enemy by a secret path up the mountains and brought them to the rear of the Greeks, from Ohio with the run of tory was to rest on our banners. But the present aspect of the campaign the Republicans should take care that no effort is spared to take advantage of this golden opportunity and see to it that the Democracy of Ohio is buried so deep at the coming election as to make its immediate resurrection impossible.

The President remains at the Soldiers' Home and takes things easy. He comes to the City every day about 12 o'clock and goes back early. He has consented to go to New York and act as one of the pall bearers to state where I can of Gen. Hastings, so long the and fear not." 3. The "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" would not be a complete history, would it?

1. Roger Bacon (who died in 1294) first discovered the property of the magnet of pointing to the north pole. The Italians discovered that it could communicate its virtue to steel or iron. Flavio Gioja, of Naples, invented or improved the mariner's compass, in 1302. The important discovery of the inclination or dip of the magnetic needle was made about 1576 by Robert Norman, of London. 2. Shakspeare's King Henry VIII. 3. For the time covered it is the greatest historical work in the English language.

H. C. P., Madison, W. Va.:
When, where and by whom were the first free schools established in Europe and America?
The Synod at Mentz, in 830, ordered that parochial priests should have free schools in Towns and Villages. At the era of the reformation the cause of popular schools received a great impulse, and Luther in 1528 assisted in drawing up the Saxon school system, as it was called, and through life the education of the young of all classes in free schools was one of the objects nearest his heart. Massachusetts and Connecticut both claim the honor of establishing the free public school system of our time in 1642-43. It seems the General Assembly of Massachusetts were foremost in legislative action, but the Town authorities of Hartford had at an earlier date taken broader and more liberal ground for the education of all classes.

D. J. V., Fayette, O.:
In the case of the death of a Congressman-elect, does his family receive pay from the time of his election to the date of his death?
The law provides that "in the event of the death of any Senator, Representative or Delegate prior to the commencement of the first session of Congress, he shall be neither entitled to mileage or compensation; and in the event of death after the commencement of any session, his representatives shall be entitled to receive so much of his compensation, computed at the rate of $5,000 per annum, as he may not have received, and any mileage that may have actually accrued and be due and unpaid." When a member dies after the commencement of the first session, his compensation is computed and paid for a period of not less than three months.

F. C. J., Cherokee, Kan.:
Explain how a new House of Representatives is organized.
Before the first meeting of each Congress the Clerk of the next preceding House of Representatives make a roll of the Representatives elect, placing thereon the names of those persons only whose credentials show that they were regularly elected in accordance with the laws of their States respectively, or the laws of the United States. If there be no Clerk, then the Sergeant-at-Arms acts; and in case of vacancies in the offices of both the Clerk and Sergeant-at-Arms, then the Doorkeeper acts. The oath of office is administered by any member of the House to the Speaker, and by the Speaker to all the members present, previous to entering on any other business.

A. G. W., Dongola, Ill.:
1. Are the six per cent. bonds of the United States now outstanding? 2. What per cent. did the 5-20's and 10-40's bear, and have they been called in by the Government?
1. The whole amount of six per cent bonds were called for payment July 1, 1881; but to the holders of all the six per cent bonds (except the Oregon war debt, amounting to $568,200) permission was given to have their bonds continued, at the pleasure of the Government, with interest at 3½ ₱ cent. Of those bonds there were presented for continuance $183,655,150, and the remainder were paid from the surplus revenue.
2. Ten-forties, five per cent.; seven-thirties, seven and three-tenths per cent. There is a comparatively small amount unredeemed. The interest has been reduced. The Pacific Railway bonds (running 30 years from July 1, 1862,) are the only bonds that draw six per cent. interest. Reference to the debt statement, published every month in the BLADE, will show the character of the bonds to be redeemed.

G. E. D., Toulon, Ill.:
Will you please explain the power of the loadstone or magnet?
A piece of malleable iron brought into contact with a loadstone or magnet is converted at once into a magnet. If a piece of hard steel be applied to either pole of a magnet, the steel also becomes a magnet, but the full effect will not be produced at once, and will be much less than on the iron. Cast iron resists the magnetizing action of the magnet with about the same force that cast steel does. If the soft iron be withdrawn from the magnet, it will return at once to its former condition; but the steel will have become a permanent magnet, like the loadstone. To magnetize a small steel bar completely, the bar must be rubbed several times, in the same direction, from end to end, against one of the poles of a strong magnet. Bar-magnates are seldom found capable of supporting more than their own weight of iron. Small magnets have greater proportional power than large ones. A small magnet set in a ring worn by Sir Isaac Newton is said to have lifted 250 times its own weight. The sustaining power of the horse-shoe magnet is much more than double the natural attraction of either pole for a piece of iron. The largest horse-shoe steel magnets support from 50 to 100 pounds; but large electro-magnets may be made to sustain more than a ton. An electro-magnet has been constructed capable of supporting 3,000 pounds weight.

S. H., Buffalo, Dak.:
I would like to have a description of St. Helena where Napoleon was banished.
Its greatest length is 10½ miles; greatest breadth from north to south, seven miles; area, 47 square miles. It has the appearance of a lofty pyramidal mass of a dark-gray color, rising abruptly from the ocean; but when more nearly approached a number of openings are discovered, forming the mouth of narrow valleys or ravines, leading gradually up to a central plateau. On shore, at all openings where a landing might be effected, military works have been erected for the purpose of making it secure. The island is of volcanic origin, and consists of rugged mountains, interspersed with numerous ravines. Its harbor affords excellent anchorage in 12 fathoms of water, and is defended by strong batteries. The island is watered by numerous brooks, and about one-fifth of its surface is fertile; but the native vegetation, now becoming extinct, was of a remarkable character. The climate is temperate, and invalids from the hot regions of the East recover rapidly under its influence. Earthquakes have frequently been felt. The island is far from being able to supply its own wants, and almost the only traffic consists in furnishing commodities to the calling vessels. Population about 7,000.

D. J. M., Barbersville, Ind.:
I want to know something about the manufacture of camphor—where and how obtained.
Almost all the camphor of commerce is the product of the camphor laurel or camphor tree, a native of China, Japan, Formossa and Cochin-China, and which has been introduced into Java and the West Indies. The camphor laurel tree is of considerable hight, much branched, with small yellowish white flowers. The fruit in size and appearance resembles an imperfectly ripened black currant. Every part of the tree, but especially the flower, smells strongly of campor. The wood is light and durable, not liable to be injured by insects, and much valued for carpenter's work. In the extraction of camphor the wood of the stem and branches is chopped up into fragments and introduced into a still with water, and heat applied, when the steam generated carries off the camphor in vapor. These vapors rise, and in passing through rice straw, with which the head of the still is filled, the camphor solidifies, and is deposited round the straw in minute grains or particles. These grains of impure camphor are detached, and being introduced into a large globular glass vessel in quantities of about 10 pounds, are reheated, when first the water rises in steam, and is allowed to escape at a small aperture; and thereafter, this aperture being closed, the camphor sublimes and resolidifies in the interior upper part of the flask, as a semi transparent cake, leaving all the impurities behind. The flasks are then cooled and broken by throwing cold water on them, and the camphor taken out and sent into market. The Borneo or Sumatra camphor is the product of a large tree, and the camphor is obtained by cutting down the tree and splitting it into small pieces, being found in crystalline masses in natural cavities of the wood. To this substance the Chinese ascribe extraordinary medicinal virtues, so that it is sold among them at more than 50 times the price of common camphor.

R. F. S., Yorktown, Pa.:
1. Please give the method of scouring wool and the ingredients used? 2. What uses are made of cotton seed oil? 3. Give a brief biography of Gen. Marion, of Revolutionary fame.
1. Scouring is effected by soaking the wool in ...ving, or in an alkaline lye heated to 120°; ...Mention the wool after removal

A JEWISH ELOPEMENT.

Intense Excitement in a Virginia Colony Caused by the Disappearance of a Young Man with the Mother of His Sweetheart.

Washington Republican.

In Middlesex County, Virginia, is a flourishing Jewish colony, composed mostly of destitute Russian Jews, who are sent there as soon as they arrive in this country. The industry of the colony is shown by its wonderful progress, and the increased wealth attained in the three years of its existence. Their habits are simple, and their spare time is spent in study of these figures, and he soon fou devotion, a substantial synagog being directed for that purpose. There have been three births in the colony and but one death.

Among the inhabitants of the Village were two persons who caused the first excitement and sensation that the little place has as yet experienced. Max Freiwald is an industrious carriage-smith, and up to a week ago, enjoyed the respect and esteem of all his neighbors. He was unmarried and very popular. Miss Rebecca Learteg is the daughter of Solomon Learteg, one of the leading citizens and an industrious wheelwright. Miss Rebecca is about 16 years of age, and is very pretty. She and young Freiwald had been sweethearts, and were engaged to be married. Max had asked for Rebecca's hand, which was refused on account of the youth of both parties, young as they are, and it was unmarried when, on Friday last, it was found that she and young Freiwald had disappeared together. There was no mistaking their intention, for each left a note stating that they loved each other and had gone away to enjoy the fruits of their passion. Mrs. Learteg came to this and in times of pestilence. It is reported on Saturday and remained until Sunday at a prominent hotel under an assumed name. They left here Monday morning and Tuesday morning three of the natives take no sanitary precaution, and there is no attempt at disguise. Every citizens of the colony came here to hunt Mrs. Learteg had taken $300 of her husband's money with her. Miss Rebecca, the daughter of the runaway, was frantic when she learned of her lover's infidelity and her mother's shame, and she disappeared from the Saturday following the elopement and was found in Baltimore with some friends. It is stated that a detective will be placed on the track of the runaways and, if found, Freiwald will be punished.

Satisfactory Evidence.

I. W. Graham, Wholesale Druggist of Austin, Tex., writes: I have been handling DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS for the past year, and have found it one of the most salable medicines I have ever had in my house for Coughs, Colds and even Consumption, always giving entire satisfaction. Please send me one gross by Saturday's steamer.

Dr. Green's Oxygenated Bitters

the oldest and best remedy for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Malaria, Indigestion, all disorders of the stomach, and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the Blood, Kidneys and Liver.

DURNO'S CATARRH SNUFF cures Catarrh and all affections of the mucous membrane.

Dr. Roger's Vegetable Worm Syrup instantly destroys worms and removes the secretions which cause them.

When you have had Catarrh long enough send 10c. to Dr. C. R. SYKES, 181 ... street, Chicago, for his "True theory of Catarrh."

More Star Route Business.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It is claimed that proof of the bribery in the second Star Route jury is forthcoming, and that it will be laid before the Washington Grand Jury in October. Considering that the whole 12 voted for acquittal there is an element of improbability about it, but further developments will be looked for with interest.

HUMAN BLOOD—On the purity and vitality of the blood depends the vigor and health of the whole system. Disease of various kinds is often only the sign that nature is trying to remove the disturbing cause. A remedy that gives life and strength to the blood, eradicates scrofula and other impurities from it, as Hood's Sarsaparilla undoubtedly does, must be the means of preventing many diseases that would occur without its use. Sold by dealers.

Illinois Women.

Boston Star.

A woman in Illinois sued a man for slander, for saying that she wore No. 5 boots. He defended the case, and in court she just managed to squeeze her foot into a No. 6. The last anger of that woman was worse than the first.

Hall's Hair Renewer makes the hair moist, bright and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing.

The Succulent New England Bean.

New York Morning Journal.

Potatos in New England have been so greatly injured by the frost that the inhabitants will be compelled to fall back on the much abused but wholesome bean.

OWENTON, KY.—Dr. I. F. Mundy, says: I have found Brown's Iron Bitters one of the best tonics and prescribe it frequently."

A Campaign Story.

Hawkeye.

Judge Foraker is growing so rapidly in Ohio that he gains about Forakers a day.

ORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE In Nervous Diseases.

Dr. HENRY, New York, says. "In nerve diseases, I know of no preparation to equal it."

The Fear of Death.

London Daily Times.

The differences of courage in men are curious and their conduct illustrated by the behavior of the Egyptians in times of different races and religions are curious and in times of pestilence. It is reported that the Egyptians are indifferent to death, if it comes on them in the shape of disease, as they are fatalists. The natives take no sanitary precaution, and there is no attempt at disguise. Every one, from the matter of food and drink, the native makes no difference when cholera is among them. Perhaps they have much choice. They still devour the flesh of animals which have perished by a natural death, and what they can not devour they throw into canals, of which they then drink the water. When plague is more deadly in Cairo than cholera is, day, Mr. Kinglake found almost as great indifference. The ladies made it a kind of joke to touch the European in passing by way of frightening him into the belief that he had the plague. But the festivities of Islam went on just as usual, and the surviving children played with the funeral merry-go rounds till the plague, in response to the prayers of the faithful, "went to another city." The opposite conduct in all respects is pursued by Europeans. Clearly we Christians of Indo-Germanic race are not indifferent to death. When there is a chance we are out of infected cities. Our plans of quarantine, admirably fitted to prevent disease where it does not exist, and spread it where it does, are blunder attempts to escape our fate. Our sanitary regulations are supposed to be most scientific and of better effect, and testing at least to our diligence in avoiding danger. Occasionally pestilence brings panic to Europeans, always it gives rise to alarm and precautions. It always has been so. People did what they could in the way of sanitary measures in the great plague. Edinburg, where filth was piled high before and around the houses, women were branded on the cheek for having sold infected raiment and other objects. In graveyards where the plague stricken were buried lie green and unopened cells since in lonely places of the hills. In the Egyptian cares more for the safety of the long lock of hair by which the archangel is to haul him to paradise than for his own immunity from disease, or even the chances of those dear to him.

One of Rufus Hatch's Jokes.

Immediately on the arrival of the excursionists at Hot Springs Hotel, in Yellowstone Park, three dudes determined on having a bath, as the proper thing under the circumstances. They were directed to the bath spring, three-quarters of a mile from the hotel, and were soon mounted and *en route*. They had been in the water only a few minutes when the dudes were saluted by a series of yells and an ... discharge of numerous revolvers. Following this pandemonium, half a dozen cowboys galloped into view, arrayed in buckskin toggery and armed with revolvers and knives. The terrified dudes were ordered out of the spring and told to put on their shirts, shoes and trousers and make a break for the mountains. "Really, ye know, we cawn't do that," said one of them, sweating with terror. "Mr. 'Atch will expect us back to dinner. Won't he, Cholly?"

"True, you are," replied "Cholly." "We're engaged to dine, ye know. I s... cawn't you just let us 'ave our weskits and our 'orses? Mr. 'Atch will pay for ye know. It's quite too awful; let us these 'ills in a state of nature. Mr. 'A will 'ave to buy us some underwear; I say, Mr. Highwaymen, cawn't you us 'ave our revolvers? I'm told the blo... gophers are very fierce."

But the "highwaymen" were obdurate and the three dudes were forced to leave their horses, part of their clothing, their revolvers and money ($2.10 each), and "hoof it" back to the hotel. When they arrived, full of the untold perils of their adventures, they were again paralyzed before finding their horses tied in front of the hotel and the plunder taken by the boys piled up on the office counter. Uncle Rufus kindly explained the situation, and Hobart went off into a long, deep and solitary canon five miles away to have a laugh.

Rich Men Not America's Best Product.

New York World.

The cottages of Newport have adopted a plan of reception for Lord Coleridge which is based on the idea that he "represent the moral and intellectual forces which have made this country what it is." They represent nothing but money. Some of them made their money honestly, others made it out of their country's misfortunes; others made it by monopolies. They are merely a handful of rich men. It is not the rich men who made the country what it is. It was the country which made the rich men what they are. When we think of this we are no proud of the country. But we are too proud of it to permit any little set of mere plutocrats to claim that they represent the moral and intellectual forces which have made it what it is.

Not Familiar With Them.

Rochester Post-Express.

A member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, who although well to do is not up for the very plain styles in which domestic affairs are conducted, was staying at a New York hotel with his 8-year old daughter. At the dinner table one day the little girl astonished her guests by exclaiming: "Oh, papa, please these forks have got handies, just like spoons!"

Culture.

Bismarck Tribune.

A Montana belle being asked by a Bismarck man if they possessed any culture out her way replied; "Culture? You bet your variegated socks we do! We don't sling more culture to a square foot in Montana than they kin in any camp in America. Oh loosen my corsets till I smile."

The Last of the Pinafore Jokes.

Lowell Courier.

The stockbroker is disconsolate in these days if "no telephone communicates with his sell."

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Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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And bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a Premium of not less than

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And every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of October is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders sent in Registered LETTERS and inclosing $5, will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing.

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1 Prize	10,000	100 Prizes,	100 each	10,000
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2 Prizes, $2,500 each,	5,000	500 Prizes,	20 each	10,000
5 Prizes, 1,000 each,	5,000	1,000 Prizes,	10 each	10,000
9 Prizes, $300 each, Approximation Prizes				2,700
9 Prizes, 200 each,		"		1,800
9 Prizes, 100 each,		"		900
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Whole Tickets, $2. Half Tickets, $1.
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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, September 20, 1883.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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TOLEDO, O.

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Circulation Last Week, 113,000.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK 113,000.

Last week the circulation of the Weekly BLADE touched 113,000, which is the number we go to press with this week. It is the largest circulation of any paper in the United States, and, of its class, in the world. This is what comes of printing a superior paper at a low price, a paper carefully and intelligently edited, and adapted to the wants of the people whose patronage is sought. We believe the BLADE to be the best family newspaper printed, and 113,000 other people also think so. The number will increase.

THE recent cold snap had no effect on the hydrophobia crop. Nine cases are reported from the West.

THE New York *Sun* is in favor of RANDALL for Speaker, and HOLMAN for Presidential candidate.

A SIOUX Chief is named "Two Skunks." This indicates that he has double the scents of the others of his tribe.

DR. MARY WALKER has not lived in vain, for an old crank in Springfield, Mass., has bequeathed her $2,000. He was probably moved by the hard luck of the giddy girl.

RUSSIA does not mean to allow Austria to advance Eastward which the latter exhibits an inclination to do. Backed up, however, by an alliance with Germany and Italy it is not likely that she will care much for Russian interference.

COURTNEY is going to row against time at Cayuga Lake next week to beat the best record for three miles—20 minutes 14 seconds. Bets are already being made that somebody will drain off all the water of the lake just before the race is called.

ONE New York collector has a fancy for walking-sticks. One department is made up of physician's gold-headed canes, which he gets in pawn-shops. They are mostly presentation affairs, inscribed "from a grateful patient," and have very thin gold.

KATE CLAXTON is losing her grip. She has come to being robbed of $1,800 worth of diamonds. The fire-escape "ad" died long ago, but everybody thought that Miss C. had genius enough to invent something better than the stolen diamond racket.

OSCAR is still uncrushed. He writes that he has just finished a five act play entitled the "Duchess of Padua." The drama is in blank verse and prose mixed, the former being used for the dramatic parts and the latter for the comic portions.

"IF still want the names of your friends who do not take the BLADE, for the purpose of sending them specimen copies. A request on a postal card, at a cost of only one cent, will bring the sender a specimen copy of the current number, very promptly.

HANLON says he is the champion oarsman of the world, and that he has never won a race except upon his merits. He closes a long interview by saying that "COURTNEY is a better oarsman with his mouth than in any other respect." That is the very opinion held by every one who has watched his course.

DOWN in New Egypt, N. J., there is a preacher named BRASTED, who predicted several years ago, that he would die on September 12, 1883, at nine o'clock A. M. A large number of his parishioners were on hand to see him shuffle off, but he didn't shuffle. Some folks take a fiendish delight in spoiling other people's pleasures.

EVERY scripture reading family should have the "Illustrated Bible Biography." This beautiful and useful illustrated book was always sold at $3, but the Blade Co., have a limited number which they will mail to any address, on receipt of $1.25. Only a few copies remain, and at this price they will soon be exhausted.

MR. A. G. WATTERMAN, of the *Monroe Advertiser*, published at Forsyth, Ga., is an enthusiast in negro education and the Prohibition question, and expressed his opinions on those subjects in his editorial columns in a manner that did not please some of his fellow-townsmen. They took occasion on Tuesday night of showing their displeasure by burning down his office. The motto of the Forsyth Georgian is, "The Prohibitionist must go."

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The Ohio campaign is the leading political interest of the day, and will continue to become more and more engrossing every day now for the next three weeks. The feud in the Democratic ranks becomes bitterer continually, and takes on more forms of expression. Sen. PENDLETON is on the stump, but while he denounces the Republicans vehemently in one breath, he inveighs with quite as much earnestness against his party associates in the next. Gen. DURBIN WARD is also on the stump, but his only allusion to Judge HOADLY—the Democratic candidate for Governor—is to say that the party made a mistake in nominating him. In the country Counties the Temperance issue is the leading one. A full vote will be brought out because of the interest felt in it, and everywhere large numbers of Democrats will vote with the Republicans to rebuke the insolent liquor lords. In the Counties where the great Cities are located the wrangles of the Pendleton and Bookwalter factions will badly defeat the Democracy, so that the Republican victory is secured.

THE Democrats calculate on carrying the State, because last year NEWMAN, Democratic candidate for Secretary of State, received a majority of 19,116. But it must not be forgotten that last year 100,000 who voted in 1880 did not vote. A comparison of votes shows that 77,001 of these were stay-at-home Republicans, and 23,537 Democrats. This gives this balance sheet:

Republican majority	77,001	
Democratic stay-at-homes	23,538	
Newman's majority, Democratic	19,116	42,653
Net Republican majority in State		34,348

Still more noteworthy is the fact that most of NEWMAN'S majority was made up by four Counties, to-wit:

Cuyahoga (Cleveland)	2,481
Franklin (Columbus)	1,589
Hamilton (Cincinnati)	10,689
Lucas (Toledo)	961
Total	15,720

This year the Democracy will lose heavily in all these Counties, and without doubt the Republicans will carry Cuyahoga, Hamilton and Lucas, with a good chance at Franklin. The probabilities point very conclusively to the election of Judge FORAKER by a heavy majority, and a good working Republican majority in the Legislature.

In the other States the campaigns are progressing without special incident. In Iowa the Republicans are recovering from the depressions and dissensions of some weeks ago, and are making satisfactory progress. In New York the efforts toward harmonizing the two wings of the Republicans are proceeding very encouragingly. The same is true of Massachusetts, the dread of having another year of BUTLER'S mismanagement operating very salutarily toward bringing about a union of his opponents. In New Jersey, on the other hand, the Democratic dissensions, like those in Ohio, are becoming continually more embittered.

THE Republicans in the Pennsylvania Senate have taken steps that will certainly cut off further expense for the extra session of the Legislature, and probably will bring about an early adjournment. Resolutions were passed in that body on Monday instructing the committee to report forthwith an appropriation bill making provision for pay to members up to that date (Sept. 10), and no longer. This action has since been substantially concurred in by the House. The Senate further fixed upon Friday, September 28, as the day of final adjournment, and it scarcely seems possible that the session can be protracted beyond that time. Its excessive length, after the fact of a disagreement between the two houses had been completely established, has been a gross impropriety, the responsibility for which must rest primarily upon the Governor and generally upon his party.

THERE is little new in the condition of things between France and China, except that English opinion is becoming considerably aroused over the French refusal to settle difficulties. If France proceeds to war for Tonquin it is growing to be the general feeling that she will embroil herself with Europe. The lack of earnestness in her Ministry in neither summoning the legislative Chambers nor in organizing substantial reinforcements for her army in the East will be likely to cause more trouble. It is reported that the differences between the two nations may be submitted to the joint mediation of the United States and England. Meantime a fight is reported between the Black Flags and the French forces at a place near the Red River, between Ha-Noi and Sontay in which the former lost between 500 and 600 men. The Chinese army is concentrated near the Tonquin frontier and only awaits the arrival of French reinforcements at Port Said to invade Tonquin.

A CHINESE mob at Canton burned the dwellings and warehouses of a number of European residents, throwing them into the greatest consternation and causing them to seek refuge with their families on board vessels in the river. The riot was caused by the killing of a Chinaman by some Portuguese sailors in an affray. It lasted several hours, and order was not restored until the arrival of Chinese troops. No violence was offered to any person. The state of feeling against the Europeans is said to be very bitter. Placards were posted upon the walls of City applauding the action of the Chinese and calling upon them to kill the Europeans at the next opportunity.

RIOTS and rebellions seem to be the order of the day in foreign countries. The peasants in Hungary are in open opposition of the Government, the movement seeming directed principally against the land owners. The riots in Croatia were begun upon the the northern frontier where the peasants rose and insulted the priests. The indications point in the direction of a projected South Slavonian agitation directed against the whole Austrian Empire.

TURKEY seems to be sinking into an anarchy to which Europe will be obliged to put an end. The Sultan's Government has been completely discredited by the results of the war with Russia; and with Oriental Governments discredit is ruin. They have no claims on the patriotic affection of their people. Their administrative arrangements are too primitive and rudimentary to suffice for the maintenance of social order when they are not supported by the prestige of overwhelming power. Brigandage is rampant, and in one Town the whole body of the City officials have been carried off into the mountains, where they are held for ransom. Armenia seems likely to lose her old pre-eminence as the worst-governed Province of the Empire. Those on the European side of the Ægean Sea have sunk into a similar state of disorder and suffering.

"CORPORATE PROFITS."

An article under this caption in the *North American Review* is exciting some attention, from its admirable presentation of the fundamental principles which must govern in the struggle upon which we are entering, to secure State or National control of railroads and other great corporations of a public nature. The author is Judge COOLEY, of Michigan, whose writings on questions of law and public economy, have secured him a high reputation. The article opens with tracing the increasing scope and complexity of the State's law-making functions from the day when its duties were limited to maintaining a few wagon roads, and exercising general police powers, to the present time, where it is called upon to legislate upon a bewildering mass of matters arising out of the reactions in our dense and highly civilized population.

Proceeding to discuss the relations of corporations to the State, he says:

There seems, therefore, to be strong if not controlling reasons, whenever the supply of a public convenience can assume the form of a private and continuous business, for permitting it to take that form and for granting to individuals the necessary franchise for the purpose.

But to grant such a franchise is to give a special privilege which presumably has pecuniary value. It is therefore to prefer some citizens, who are made the recipients of the grant, over citizens in general; and though this is unavoidable, it is in some sense invidious. In many cases, also, the privilege from its nature must be exclusive; and we are to have persons carrying on a business as a public agency, with the public as a customer, but without the competition which, in the case of ordinary business, is supposed to be the whole protection against extortionate demands. We thus have the odious features of monopoly, as the result of the grant of a public privilege; and this will be obnoxious in proportion to the opportunity it gives for unjust exactions, and to the neglect on the part of the State to provide against them.

But suppose the State, when granting the privilege, makes no provision against an extortionate use of it for the purposes of private gain, is it powerless to do so afterward? No question more important than this has hitherto demanded the attention of the country. If the State may grant irrepealable and unchangeable franchises of all sorts, we may find, after a few years of foolish or corrupt rule, that it has bartered away a large part of its ability to be useful to the people, and that, instead of existing for the equal and common good of all, it has built up privileged classes to whom the functions of government have been granted or pledged. It would be easy to imagine a state of things that might become intolerable.

To the famous Dartmouth case the Judge gives the reverence usually recorded to that decision by lawyers, but against which the common sense of the country is rebelling. This decision, it will be remembered, gave to charters all the sacredness and binding obligation of solemn contracts, and laid down the principle that as the State was a party to these contracts, it could not do anything afterward to change the nature of the contract, which any curtailment of the concessions, or regulation of the privileges would be. Judge COOLEY seems to hold that this doctrine must be maintained as far as any charters without restrictive provisions may be concerned, but that no more such charters should be granted.

But, as we have said before, there is a growing restiveness, not only among the people, but among lawyers and jurists, at the cast-iron and one-sided character given charters by the Dartmouth decision. Judge COOLEY does not accurately reflect the best legal thought of the day in thus assuming that the old despotic sacredness of charters is still as universally accepted as it was a score of years ago. Under the pressure of the evils which have resulted from the monopolies granted in these charters, common, plain business men, who do not trouble themselves with these "nice quillets of the law," have asked with much pertinence how one Legislature could create a bad condition of things, which no succeeding Legislature would have power to mitigate or ameliorate. Economic thinkers have reminded the lawyers that in spite of their continued assertion of the high inviolability of contracts, they have still held an elastic, indeterminable thing called "public policy" to be superior to the most binding contract. This is of such a comprehensive nature that a contract of a mechanic not to work at his trade is held to be invalid, because it is against public policy to allow a community to be deprived of the services of a skilled workingman. If "public policy" can be invoked to exercise its beneficial restraint in such a minor matter as this, it can certainly be made available to restrain the absolutely robbery of a community by a chartered monopoly.

Judge COOLEY thinks some powers for controlling railroad corporations may be derived from the common law doctrine of the obligations of common carriers, and that it has always been held that not only must they carry impartially for all persons, but that *they must carry for reasonable charges*. Upon this point he says:

But what are reasonable charges? Reasonable prices in general are such prices as are determined by demand and competition, and they do not necessarily lose their character as reasonable, because under the pressure of demand and in the absence of competition they become very profitable. If, therefore, a railway corporation is to be regarded as occupying in all respects the position of a common law carrier, large profits will not necessarily determine its charges to be unreasonable. But when the company receives from the State special privileges and grants of power, on the understanding that these are conferred in the public interest and to subserve public ends, it is not by any means certain that its profits may not justly be used as a test of the reasonableness of its charges. The charter is granted for the mutual benefit of the State and the corporators; and, while it contemplates reasonable returns to the latter on their investment, it cannot fairly be understood to contemplate anything more. In determining what are such returns, all the risks which the investment is subject are to be taken into the account; and it is obvious that these are much greater than the risk which attends the loaning of money on security. But charges can only be regulated for the future; and this must necessarily be done, either by the Company itself or by the State, upon estimates of the business likely to be done and its cost. That the Company could not be exclusive judge in doing this even at the common law has already been seen; and, as no third power can intervene except by mutual consent, it seems to follow of necessity that the State may limit profits as well as charges. The judicial decisions go to this extent, that when the State establishes a maximum of charges these charges are to be deemed *prima facia* at least reasonable.

Here again we think Judge COOLEY commits the usual lawyer-like error of considering too closely the letter of the law, without heeding sufficiently its spirit.

There is a higher law than that laid down in specific statutes, or even expressed in the practices of the common law. One of the highest functions of the Government, and one which it can not abdicate to any corporation is that of controlling the means of communication between its people. After providing for the common defense, and securing the administration of justice, its next highest duty is to secure the most absolute freedom and facility in the intercourse of its citizens with one another. It is for this reason that all nations have built roads, dug canals, and deepened rivers, and have surrounded the travel on these with special safeguards. The English and other people used to hang men for highway robbery—not because of the robbery, so much as because these crimes were a violation of the sacredness of the "King's highway."

The introduction of steamboats and railway cars as vehicles does not remit one particle of the Government's duties toward its people's lines of intercourse. It is just as much bound to see that the man who rides in a railroad car has all possible safeguards and facilities thrown about his journey as it was to care for and protect the man who rode along the turnpike on a coach. The charging of undue prices for transporting him or his goods is a gross interference with his freedom of communication—the fact that the corporation has a monopoly of that particular route of communication, makes this more aggravating—and this is sufficient warrant for the Government's regulation of the prices of services, even if the power for doing the same were not found where Judge COOLEY finds it—in the extension of the "common carries" principles, and the rights gained over the roads by the State by reason of eminent domain, granting of special police privileges, etc.

PROTECTION.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

You said in an edition of last week that "We export mainly because we have not enough consumers at home," and also "Protection does protect the farmer." I do not understand how you can reconcile those two statements. We export and import, it seems to me, because commercial transactions are sources of National prosperity and emolument. If the producer be compelled to send his articles of production to foreign markets in order to sell them, then he is obliged to take foreign quotations for his productions. Now, he has disposed of his surplus substance at whatever he could get for the same. The Government has not decreed him a certain royalty, because it is an article of home production, nor could she if desirous to do so. Then, in this transaction, there is no protection whatever. But what must the farmer do when he wishes to secure an article of consumption? He is not allowed to buy from the lowest bidder—which is business-like in every instance—but in consequence of our Tariff he is compelled, so to speak, to pay the price of the individual who puts the highest market value upon his goods, making no allowance for any difference in the quality of the articles. Let us illustrate this in order to demonstrate more clearly our proposition. A farmer gets to market with 50 bushels of wheat; he sells the same to foreign merchants for exportation, for $30. With this money he proposes to secure cloth for a suit of clothes. From two sources he may readily purchase the goods, the American manufacturer, or the European manufacturer. The former offers him a piece of cloth for $30, the latter a piece of the same style and quality for $25. In the one case he will spend all his money for the cloth, in the other he will have an article equally as good and a surplus of $5 in cash for other purposes. The Custom House officer appears on the scene before the conclusion of the purchase and says: "My friend, you are at liberty to purchase from the American manufacturer if you prefer to do so; but, if you buy from the European I shall have to charge a duty of $5 for the privilege of importation." Thus the farmer is compelled to pay $5 more than he otherwise would if we had a system of Free Trade. He has lost $5, having nothing to show for the same. If he buys from the American manufacturer, he puts $5 of premium into the manufacturers' pocket; if he purchased from the European, he deposits the $5 in the National Treasury. In either transaction $5 have been illegitimately taken from him—one-sixth the product of his labor—while the manufacturer either gained $5 above a proper remuneration, or the Government secured it. Then protection is of no advantage to the farmer, but rather a detriment. This is practiced daily, and then the protectionist has the audacity to tell us that the farmer is especially benefited under our system of high tariff.

It is frequently argued that home manufacture will give a better home market for our productions. How can it be? What can be the advantage gained thereby? It must, on the other hand, be quite a disadvantage. What would be the result, if all our foreign exportations and importations were prohibited? Evidently, a vast number of men who now follow commercial careers—mere consumers—would be obliged to become direct producers in place of transporters. They would further increase the superabundance of productions; and the farmer's outlook would thus become still more dubious. Add to this immense company of commercial men the large number engaged in preparing materials and constructing vehicles of transportation, the conclusion forces itself upon us; *That the material prosperity of our National Union depends upon the amount of commercial transaction, other things being equal.*

We may also demonstrate the fallacies of a "tariff for the protection of home manufacture" in reference to the laboring classes of society. The laboring man is not protected, for protection does not materially raise the rate of wages. This you will probably not admit for an instant; but facts and a legitimate demonstration of the theories of protection prove the statement. The value of labor, skilled or unskilled, always depends upon the supply and demand. Some one has forcibly said: When two workmen run after one master, wages fall; ween two masters run after one workman, wages rise. The *demand* for labor depends upon the amount of disposable National capital. Any law which says "such articles shall be limited to home production" does not in the least increase the amount of capital, since it simply takes from one place and transfers to another, the capital remaining the same, labor is not a consequence in greater demand. Then, under the present system, our laborer must compete with the foreigner. When he has secured the results of a day's labor he is again debarred from buying those things that he may need from the merchant who sells the cheapest, the same as in the case of the farmer. He is thus deliberately robbed a part of his income through our so-called protection of labor. Protection is only for the advantage of the capitalist and not those who must earn their subsistence daily through physical employment.

I have still another fact to present. If the "purchasing power" of a dollar of our laborer exceeds the same amount in foreign markets then the home laborer can compete with the foreigner—which, in reality, he does do. If our laborer be able to compete with the foreigner then our manufacturer ought, in justice, to be able to compete with the foreign manufacturer, especially since the advantages are all in favor of the American manufacturer. He has all the raw material near at hand; the foreign manufacturer must pay for two transportations, which the other does not do, and also a price for manufacturing the raw materials.

Now is there any legitimate reason why the manufacturer of to-day should demand this protection, when he has everything in his favor? There surely can be no other reason than a selfish one. The "arguments of Free Traders" are frequently not so easily refuted as Protectionists would imagine—especially when fully and properly answered. The facts are these, and they cannot be logically answered or proved to be false. Though a Republican in principle I can no longer endorse the platform in regard to the theories and practice of protection. H. G.

Wabasha, Wabasha Co., Minn.

Our correspondent sees only one side of the question, and that is the wrong one. He starts out with the false premise that "Commerce is the source of all prosperity."

This very fallacious. Commerce is only the source of great wealth when it is carried on at the expense of ignorant, unskilful producers and consumers. Wealth *accumulates* by commerce when things can be bought for less than their real value, or sold for more. But it only accumulates; it is not created. Wealth is only created by the application of labor to raw material. If a mass of iron worth $5 is converted into watch springs worth $2,000, there is a direct addition to the wealth of the world of $1,995. But the mere selling of the watch springs by one man to another makes no wealth. One man may get the better of another in the course of the transaction, but the value of the watch springs remains the same. So it is with all other products.

Commerce, therefore, instead of being, as this mistaken man insists, a source of wealth, is in many instances destructive of wealth, because it is wasteful. The more miles the products are carried, and the more hands they pass through the more the waste and the loss to the producer. This is so simple that anybody ought to understand it. To send wheat, corn and meat 4,000 miles away from the fields where they are raised, when they should be consumed within 500 miles, is a waste of just what it costs to transport the produce 3,500 miles and make all the exchanges.

Our correspondent's plea that if these products were not carried off to a distance to be exchanged, the men now engaged in the business of transportation and exchange would be thrown out of employment, and crowd into farming is an absurd one for a man claiming to be an economist to make. If the railroad men and navigators, the brokers, shippers, insurance men, etc., now engaged in handling and caring for our products on their journey to Europe were deprived of that employment, they would in part be cared for in the new system which would arise on the ruins of the old, and in part would be distributed into other employments. The equilibrium which has always been maintained in the different classes of producers would be still kept up. No more would go farming that could find a remunerative sale for their products, and no more would go into any other branch of business than could find profitable employment there.

Our correspondent says that the Tariff does not raise the workman's wages. In this he is confuted by all experience. In protected countries the workingmen have always received more pay than in Free Trade countries. The workingman in the United States not only gets from 20 to 60 per cent. more wages than his European congener, but he can buy more with his money than his European fellow can. This is very easy to see, and illustrates one previous statement on the waste and costliness of foreign commerce. Much the largest part of a workingman's expenditures is for food and shelter. He gets both much cheaper than he would in Europe, because he is nearer the source of supply, and has to bear very little of the expense of transportation.

If our correspondent had studied political economy he would know that one of the first axioms is that the rate of wages depends upon the proportion of laborers to the amount of capital devoted to the employment of labor. Protection undoubtedly tends to increase the amount of capital devoted to the employment of labor, and in this, as in other ways, raises the rate of wages.

Finally, as to the old and oft-answered question: "How are the farmers protected?" In the first place they are directly protected by the Tariff on sundry articles, as follows:

Animals, 10 per cent.
Barley, 15 cents a bushel.
Barley malt, 20 per cent.
Oats, 10 cents a bushel.
Peas, beans, etc., 10 per cent.
Bristles, 15 cents a pound.
Currants, 1 cent a pound.
Lemons and Oranges, 20 per cent.
Hay, 20 per cent.
Hemp, $20 per ton.
Jute, $15 per ton.
Jute Butts, 6 per ton.
Sisal——, $15 per ton.
Olive Oil, $1 per gallon.
Butter, 4 cents a pound.
Cheese, 25 per cent.
Pickles, Capers, etc., 35 per cent.
Potatos. 15 cents per bushel.
Rice, 2½ cents a pound.
Flaxseed, 20 cents a bushel.
Tobacco, 35 cents a pound.
Lumber, $2 per M. feet.
Wools, raw, 10 cents a pound, and 11 per cent.

There is in addition the vast amount of incidental protection. Thus the duty on sugar is a protection to sorghum, maple sugar, and glucose, the duty on olive oil is a protection to the rapidly growing peanut and cotton seed oil industries, etc.

But far exceeding all these is the one important fact that Protection is continually cheapening to the farmer all manufactured articles. With the development of factories on this side of the Atlantic he is not only getting a better price for his products, but he is getting those of others cheaper.

He is now getting an average price of $1 a bushel for his wheat, where 50 years ago 37½ cents was a good price, and he is buying calico at five and six cents a yard, when then he had to pay 25 and 30 cents. Everything else that he has to buy or sell follows the same rule.

This is mainly because producers and consumers are much closer together, and they both save the great amount that used to be paid to the go-betweens.

BUSINESS for week has shown strong signs of revival with an excellent outlook for the remaining four months of the year. In Wall Street, there have been plenty of ups and downs, but ups and downs so nearly offset each other that it was difficult to say at the end whether the balance was in favor of the longs or shorts. Business was very irregular—sometimes at the fever-heat of excitement, sometimes at the freezing point of dullness. Never, perhaps, did the board of brokers, as a body, know so much about the culture of corn and the conditions of soil, climate, and temperature necessary to its successful propagation as was taught to them or discovered by them early in the week. It was all "corn talk" Monday, and one would have supposed that the entire destinies of the country—financial, commercial, and agricultural—depended upon whether Jack Frost had nipped 5 per cent. out of the expected yield or 10. It soon came to be understood, however, that the reported damage had been greatly exaggerated, and that the dismal statements of disaster had been manufactured expressly to "rig" the stock and produce markets.

A GLEAM of light is thought to have been shed upon the Stratford, Conn., murder by the discovery of the fact that the murderer must have been a white man. This is proved by a microscopic examination of the particles of human skin found under ROSE AMELIA'S fingernails which were supposed to have been scratched off of the murderer in the struggle. This exonerates BOSTON WHITE and the mysterious negro said to have been seen by a brakeman on the New Haven Railroad the night of the murder. Suspicion seems again directed to WILLIAM LEWIS, the betrothed of the dead woman, altho there seems no motive for the crime.

THE contest now going on between the French and Chinese negotiators in Paris over Tonquin affairs, is a keen contest of diplomatic wits in which the Celestial is no whit behind the Frenchman in shrewdness.

NEBRASKA is favored. She of no frost as yet, and her magnificent crop is almost ready for harvesting.

NASBY.

[Speak of gold as hard money, when quality a gold dollar is a tender thing; dy so, in fact.

ar fish are doing irreparable damage t d, to growing bivalves in the beds off geport, Conn., harbor.

e great seal of the United Kingdom is with yellow wax for English docu-s, red for Scotch, and green for Irish.

is year the Southern colored camp ings have exhibited unusual fervor. es, razors and revolvers have been y used.

e City of Devil's Lake, Dakota, is not 100 days old, but already choice lots are at $2,000 each. It has seven large hoand two banks.

never loved but one person," sighed s. "And as a man cannot marry himremarked Fogg, "of course it came to ing. Poor fellow!"

n. Abe Sawyer, of Key West Florida, ns to be the smallest dwarf in the d, being 32 inches high, 19 years of age weighing only 37 pounds.

ou should never chew a raw oyster. place him lengthwise across the end our tongue, elevate your chin a trifle, after that you will have nothing to do pay for him.

unkaesy's picture, "Christ before Pi-" has met with a wonderful reception Manchester, England, no fewer than 00 people having seen it within the e of a few weeks.

New York man was fined $300 for give tobacco to a giraffe in Central Park. devil says this man was not a tramp ater, for he never knew one to give to anything or anybody.

Why, don't you ask a blessing?" said a rding-house keeper to the boarder. Bowed all over the table, and gloomily ared: "I'd like to know what for."—*cinnati Merchant Traveller.*

Dr. William H. Hurlbert, recently editor *World*, who is now visiting the Duke Sutherland, at Dunraven Castle, is ing the most devoted attention to the beautiful widow of a Scotch Duke.

Then Mr. Frank James took the witness nd in his own defense, it is related: "He ed the jury square in the face." Being armed, and knowing that it was a , the jury did not throw up its hands. aly is fortifying its frontier in Piedmont cost of from 6,000,000 to 7,000,000 s. The work will, it is believed, er the Alps impassible to any army, though led by a Hannibal or Napoleon.

fty thousand keys were sent to Postters from Washington the other day, all arrived at their destinations. They he keys for the 200,000 new corrugated locks that are to be used after Oct. 1.

What is that man's name who is talkin' nd," said a customer of a beer saloon e Teutonic proprietor. "I don know hees name vas," said Hans, "but hees ness vas a dead peat."—*Boston Bul-*

eth," said the dude at Watch Hill, "I came here because they said the ish landed here." "But that was in " said a bystander. "Yeth," said the , "so I've found out, and I'm leaving y."

milk war is threatened in New York. milk exchange fixed the September at three cents, but the farmers dethree and a half, and have called a ention, to declare war if necessary, on ay next.

Bishopgate street, London, is a cellar re no customer can be served with two ssive drinks at one sitting. If he wants ond glass he must go through the form aving the place and returning. This has been enforced for 50 years.

Sam Ward nominally lives in London but spends most of his time visiting tled and distinguished friends. He has, Mr. Hurlburt, late editor of the *World*, made a member of one or two of the fashionable clubs in London.

e English sparrows, which are eaten in adelphia for reed birds, are considered ing a great delicacy. The flesh of the row is darker than that of the reed , but the Philadelphia cooks say that those who have never eaten anything reed birds can tell the difference.

e colored porter of the First National k of Las Vegas, N. M., became suddenmue and made a raid on the bank with arms, compelling the teller, clerks and ustants to stand in a row while he led them in military tactics. He was lly captured and sent to an asylum.

No, George, I can never return your ; I never dreamed you loved me so—should have spoken of it before. But I not return your love." "No," moaned broken-hearted lover as he grasped his "nor the oysters and ice cream ther," and George went out into the

New Jersey, last Thursday, a ruffian ulted a citizen with brass knuckles. At ame moment, 24 hours later, he had arrested, tried, sentenced, confined in State prison and was pegging away on ir of shoes, and had enlarged views on rapidity of Jersey lightning as underd by the courts of justice.

bout a year ago a manufacturing comy in Willimantic, Conn., gave notice after the expiration of 9 months no ove would be retained in the mills who d not read and write. Evening schools e established. The few who neglected arn to read and write have received ce of their dismissal.

What did you get out of that case?" d the old lawyer. "I got my client out ," replied the young one. "And what he get out of it?" "Satisfaction, I on; I didn't leave anything else for him at." "Young man," said the senior, ally, "you'll never be a Judge. There not enough money on the bench for ."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

hicago men can talk quickly when there cessity. A reporter who caught one of on the fly, a returned European tourgot all this out of him between drinks: me two months, Liverpool, London, , Genoa, Rome, Geneva. The things impressed me most were the London al, Westminster Abbey, the love of the ch for Napoleon, and the decaying ndors of Rome. Good day."

R. Stoddard, the canoeist, who started month to make a water voyage of about miles around New England, has adoned the project for this season, and arrived in Boston to put the "Atlantis" Winter quarters. Mr. Stoddard says it is probable that next July he will the "Atlantis" to Edgartown, and ding from there make a renewed effort nish the voyage, as mapped out.

e planting of trees along the public s of France is considered worthy of stical mention. At present the total h of public roads in France is 18,750 s, of which 7,250 are bordered with , while 4,500 miles are at present being ted, or will shortly be planted. On the aining 7,000 miles the soil does not adof planting. The number of trees ady planted amounts to 2,678,603.

Indianapolis newspaper reports these arks of an aged colored man to his grandson, who was disposed to laugh appearance of a procession of vet-s passing by: "Don't ye laff at dem soldier mens, son; da don't look so ty fust saw 'em comin' down yander in th Carlina, da looked mighty like els of de Lord. Da don't step so spry spruce as da used to, but da brought erance to me and mine. Don't do it son."

man in Saco, Me., recently bought a of second-hand theological books and manuscript sermons which had belonged Baptist minister. A curious feature it the sermons is that they have numerstage directions, of which a few samples given: "Deliver this passage in solemn s;" "scornful smile after the word er;" "pause long enough to count 25 r this passage." "close Bible with vioslam after this passage;" "contemptible ceiling in attitude of adoration at this t;" "sarcastic wave of hand;" "rapid ure."

eferring to Sheridan at the battle of henester, in his address at the soldiers' ion in Oneonta, the Rev. Dr. Fulton ted the General as saying "in unthecal terms, 'We shall whip them.'" This too much for one of the old vets of the iece, and rising in his chair and shaking hand at the reverend speaker, he shouted, at isn't what Sheridan said; what he ay was, 'We'll lick h—l out of 'em!'" is brought down the house. After the fusion had subsided, Dr. Fulton smilingly nded, "and he did it, too!"

t. Louis is not able to compete with cago in the glory of its candy store dows, in the size of its elevators and , or in the muscle of its politicians. St. Louis is the head center of philosin this country. A St. Louis journalist week begins a report thus: "The work conoclasm is not endemic but universal, the breaker of our images presents himmost inopportunely as to place and on, proving that our idols are of clay, ideals friable, and that our worship is sted on a thin substance." This rendered Chicagoese means: "Johnny Mulligan, sonsense, went into Mulhooley's on, and as no one would fight him he ned out the whole crowd."

Nervousness, debility and exhausted vitality cured by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

From Our Readers.

CHOLERA.

Can It Be Prevented and How?

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

The questions which interest us most in the prevention of cholera at this time are (1) Whether Cities can be cleaned to the extent of not fearing cholera if it is imported, and (2) whether the people in Utah wail over the fact that Mormonism still has the upper hand there. The Salt Lake *Tribune* has long been calling on the Government to do something against the rapidly growing institution, its latest appeal being as follows:

If it is the office of a Government to govern, and if it is proper for a Government to enforce its laws, why not do it? The law of 1862 having been nullified, and the law of 1882 having been nullified, let sterner measures be resorted to. Let us have the Legislative Commission, and if that fails let us have martial law. It is folly to say that polygamy can't be stopped while the Government has not as yet made a serious effort to do it. What is the sense of exercising ourselves in word-play over quibbles? Of what avail is good reasoning, or word-fencing, about incidents in presence of the great question, Shall the Government govern? Here are two great forces advancing steadily to a final clash, each gathering momentum with every rolling sun, in full view of which the Government potters and the editors and so-called statesmen quibble and wrangle. It is time to move the previous question: Will the Government govern?

CHINA'S MILITARY.

The military establishment of China consists of the imperial guard, 18,000 strong; the infantry guard, 5,200 strong; 1,650 artillerymen; the Chihli armory, officered by Englishmen, 80,000 strong, and armed with breech-loading rifles. Altogether China can put into the field at a moment's notice about 120,000 men. Behind this her reserve in case of conscription is almost incalculable. She has three fleets, the Canton, the Fu Klang and the Shanghai, numbering 29 men-of war of modern pattern. Thirteen of these vessels are built of steel and are said to be superior in armament and defensive equipment to any boat of their size afloat.

THERE has been much feeling over the country against Lieut. GARLINGTON for his failure to obey his instructions to land supplies at a house at Littleton Island before proceeding further on his Arctic Expedition. The instructions, as published, seem to clearly impose upon Lieut. GARLINGTON the duty of landing supplies at that place. Instead of doing so he pushed on to Smith's Sound, and when his ship was caught in the ice and crushed to splinters he had lost the chance to obey his orders. Had he obeyed them two things would have been possible—first, the release of Lieut. GREELY, who would have found the stores for his relief precisely where he directed they should be placed, and where he would seek them, and, second, Lieut. GARLINGTON could have taken to the ice on sledges, with which he was provided, and gone in search of GREELY and his party. It was proposed, in view of the great and imminent peril of Lieut. GREELY, that a relief expedition should be dispatched this Fall, but the Government has decided that none will be practicable before next Spring; then it will possibly be too late. It will certainly be too late unless Lieut. GREELY, fearing a failure for his relief, may have with great care husbanded his supplies. If he has not done so the expedition sent for his relief next Spring is more likely to find the bones of his party than living men.

AT Fort Dodge, Kansas, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Railroad has its workshops. For a long time the Town has been noted for its lack of decency and good order. The railroad managers told the City authorities that the City ordinances against gambling and low amusements must be enforced or they would not put the extensive additions to their shops contemplated there and not only that but would move away those already there. This had the desired effect and Dodge City has become for the first time in its existence a decent and orderly Town. It is a pity more railroads would not use their power in so good a way as the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe has done.

PRES. ARTHUR will soon appoint a commission of experts to make an examination of all the branches and conditions of the hog raising and packing interests of the United States. The appointment has been considered necessary on account of the prohibition against American pork in some of the foreign markets.

THE official figures show that from the 1st of January up to the present time plans have been filed in the Building Department, New York, for 2,172 private buildings which will cost $33,000,000. In no other City in the world, it is asserted by the Department officials can so large an expenditure for a similar purpose be shown within the same length of time.

THE BLADE'S urgency upon the Southern people to turn their attention to special industries, such as flower-gathering, has not been in vain

Staff Correspondence.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The Big Span—No Tunnel Yet Awhile—Theatrical Matters—The New Opera House—General Gossip.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK, April 17, 1883.

Our big bridge is one of the wonders of the 19th century—in more ways than one. As a bit of engineering skill it is marvelous, and the time taken to get it into perfect order is also marvelous. A walk across the immense structure is very tiresome, and comparatively few people care to do it. It was intended once to have cars running across, but they, like everything else of a large size here, are taking their own sweet time to begin operations. Nobody knows anything about when they will be ready. Meantime the number of passengers is steadily decreasing and the daily receipts don't begin to pay expenses. A day when $500 is taken in is considered quite remarkable, and every day's expense is much more than that. The largest week's receipts were for the week ending May 31, when they were $10,003.88. But that was when the bridge was new and many people crossed just for the novelty of the thing. The novelty has worn off now, and the number of passengers has correspondingly decreased. When the cars get to running there will probably be a picking up in tolls, but no one knows when that will be.

THE CHEAP CAB SYSTEM,

which has been mentioned, is beginning to take definite shape, and we will soon be out of the clutches of the hackmen in whose power we have been for so many years. Tyerman & Brown have long been the owners of most of the hacks in New York and so far they have successfully combatted every effort to establish a cheap cab system. Their power, however, is to be broken, and that most effectually too. In the new scheme are such men as Mr. Wetmore Cryder, President of the Metropolitan Square Bank, Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, William Jay and Frederick Bronson, all of whom are members of the Coaching Club, and who know what the requirements of the New Yorkers are. Everybody will rise up and call them blessed when they make it possible to procure good cabs for 75 cents the first hour and 10 cents for each succeeding hour.

THE TUNNEL UNDER BROADWAY.

Recently the papers have contained long articles on the revived scheme of making a grand tunnel under Broadway. It is claimed that the scheme had been perfected, that work would be commenced at once and rapidly pushed through. The plan contemplates a great tunnel, with tracks for electric street cars in the center, and on either side fine shops of all kinds, making in fact a grand business thoroughfare underneath Broadway. But somehow the work does not go at it right. Capitalists are just a little bit backward about coming forward. The estimated cost of the tunnel is $3,000,000 a mile, and in order to be of any use at all it will have to extend from the battery to Central Park, which would run the cost up to $15,000,000. Where the returns would come in is the query that agitates the minds of those asked to invest. Building elevated railroads is a much more profitable speculation as they only cost $400,000 a mile for everything.

THE THEATERS

are doing fairly well, considering the fact that this just the time between the close of the watering place season and the regular season in Town. Aimee, the popular French opera bouffe artiste, has made her reappearance in a new opera by Lecocq, "The La Princess des Canaries," and, though the dashing French woman's voice has lost a good deal of its old strength, she still is very charming and retains her old time power. The opera is the old story of jealous and silly husbands, of gay and festive wives, of gallant old beaux, and of love intrigues and risky situations of all kinds. Aimee has made a decided hit, and the opera will be a go.

Harry Abbey, who is going to give some grand operas here this winter, has been made to pay rather dearly for his talent. It is said that he has already had to advance more than $80,000 for salaries, of which Nilsson has received $20,000 and Sembrich $30,000. Most of the principals have demanded and obtained extra passages to American cities for retainers and relations numbering from one to six each. Mr. Abbey has also, in the interest of abstract justice, paid Record for the use of the opera "Giocondo" in America, although there is no copyright on it.

THE NEW METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

is nearly finished and will be opened on the 23d of October, with Faust, with Nilsson, Campanini, Novara and Del Peunto. The building is said to be constructed with unusual regard to the safety of the audience, and in point of size the auditorium is one of the largest in the world. The Grand Opera House in Paris seats but 2,156, while this seats 3,064. The auditorium is three feet longer and five feet wider than that of the far-famed La Scala in Milan. The stage is 90 feet deep and 101 feet between the walls. The wings are 50 feet in height—six feet higher than those of the famed Opera House in San Francisco, which are thought to be the highest in the country—and from 10 to 20 feet in breadth. The disposition of the tiers of boxes is unusual. There are three tiers, besides the balcony and gallery. The general tone of the decoration is old gold and crimson. The subscription price is $1,000 for orchestral seats for thirty representations, and $1,200 for boxes.

MRS. LANGTRY AND FREDDIE.

It was thought when Mrs. Langtry left America that we would have a little rest from Freddie Gebhard. But Freddie won't give anybody a rest. The Lily went to Paris to buy some new dresses, to rest and to go to the Parisian Theaters, and now all the cables are talking of the fact that Fred has gone to the beautiful City and is even more devoted to Mrs. L. there than he was here. French ideas of propriety will follow and he probably thinks he's in the seventh heaven. Somehow the thought forces itself on one "What does 'Mr.' Langtry think of it all." He might make a large fortune by coming over here and exhibiting himself as the husband of the famous Jersey Lily, charging 10 cents admission. Everyone would give that much to see him.

SHE SNUBBED THE PRINCE.

Theatrical and club circles are all applauding our favorite actress, Mary Anderson, who is now playing a successful engagement in London. It is a well-known fact that the Prince of Wales is a jolly fellow, rather fast, who has a particular liking for pretty women, especially if they are actresses. When he pays the slightest attention to any of them they immediately become the rage, although in better circles the talk about them is anything but complimentary. When Miss Anderson made her appearance in London the Prince took a lively fancy to her and sent to inquire when he would be presented to her, to be presented to him. But Miss A. was not to be caught by that kind of chaff. She is a true American and flatly refused to be presented to His Royal Highness. She knew what the result would be and wisely preferred to make her success in England on her own merits rather than to depend upon the doubtful advantages of the Prince of Wales's patronage.

CHAFUIS.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Harmony of the Ohio Democracy—Items of Washington News.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14, 1883.

We are all greatly interested in the Ohio campaign, and are not indifferent to the love passages between McLean and Pendleton, which seem to be blushing into a settled phlegmatiness. It was Cowper who wrote:

"The man who hails you Tom or Jack
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it."

These friendly "thumps" of these Stalwart leaders are becoming unbearable, and there is no telling what may happen if the love feast arranged for them should fail of its object and the "soothing syrup" prove to be too weak for so great an occasion. The real trouble about Pendleton seems to be that he was grown enough to suppose that his party really wanted Civil Service Reform. McLean accuses him of some other little matters, such as spending $10,000 at the late local election and being only a fourth-rate lawyer, but such things would amount to nothing if he had not taken his party at its word and inferred that the declarations of its chiefs in Congress, the clamor of the Democratic newspapers and the Civil Service resolutions in the party platforms meant that the party was in favor of abandoning the spoils system. It was in favor of no such thing, as is now alarmingly evident. What it wanted to do was to get a share of the Republican and get it by power; and these objects the course of Mr. Pendleton did not serve; so his time is up, and he must give way to Bookwalter or some one else. Of course these chiefs understand the price which they must pay for their revenge. If Mr. McLean hurls accusations at his Senator and the Senator's paper calls Mr. McLean a "nasty little wretch," what is to become of Hoadly? The Republicans were already strong in the faith of victory before these things took place. All our Summer visitors came back from Ohio with the full assurance that victory was to rest on our banners. But in the present aspect of the campaign the Republicans should take care that no effort is spared to take advantage of this golden opportunity and see to it that the Democracy of Ohio is buried so deep at the coming election as to make its immediate resurrection impossible.

The President remains at the Soldiers' Home and takes things easy. He comes to the City every day about 12 o'clock and goes back early. He has consented to go to New York and act as one of the pall bearers to the remains of Hugh Hastings, so long the editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*. Sec. Folger is doing duty at his desk, but the members of the Cabinet generally appear to be in no hurry to get back to Washington.

The Corean embassy which has been announced as on its way East sent a dispatch from Chicago yesterday to the Secretary of State that they would be in Washington on Saturday.

You may have noticed that Mr. Blaine denies the reported interview in regard to Butler's being the next President. He says that the Republican party is stronger now than it was in '75 or '79 and if it makes no great mistake will certainly elect its President next year.

The great land grab organized on the Pacific does not take the Department by surprise. It has been watching the proceedings and will see that the Government is duly protected.

The people of Washington have witnessed the steady increase of telegraph wires on their streets with considerable concern; and, since the development of the telephone, calling for more wires, they have manifested a decided hostility to what is evidently to become a great nuisance. The telegraph poles are loaded down with wires and not only disfigure the streets, but are a constant danger. The wires break and obstruct locomotion, while the falling of a pole might prove to be a great disaster. They are therefore clamoring that the wires shall be put under ground. The companies are loth to incur such an expense but the demands of the people are growing stronger and it is evident that the wires "must go."

The street railroad that runs to the boundary on Fourteenth street is to be extended. Since the construction of the railroad the population beyond the boundary has largely increased, and a considerable village at Mt. Pleasant (three-quarters of a mile further) has come into existence. Last Winter Congress made an appropriation to have Fourteenth street widened and the work has been done. The railroad will now be extended on the widened street, to the village of Mt. Pleasant, giving a new impetus to that portion of the district.

It was but a short time ago that a country villa at Mt. Pleasant was being erected of artificial stone. Since then the stonework has been completed and is very much admired. It is more ornamental than the hewn stone fronts on Fifth avenue, New York, but, in general appearance, resembles them. The cost is about the same as brick. The stone was made on the premises. The process is covered by a patent, but the greater part of the material is coarse sand and cement. After being molded it must stand a couple of weeks before it is dry enough to use. I mention the matter again because the building seems to be a decided success and likely to be imitated. Of course the molds have to be adapted to the work. The material, unlike brick, is impervious to water.

The cold term through which the country has just passed and which has been so destructive along our northern frontier was disagreeable enough here and called for fires and over-coats, but did not amount to a freeze. It lasted from Saturday to the next Thursday. BUCKEYE.

Miscellany.

STORY OF A FLAG.

An Incident of the Covenanter Struggle.

The Covenanters' flag of Scotland, was first unfurled in 1638, and was displayed at the battle of Drumclog, and at Bothwell Bridge in 1679. It is now in the keeping of the Edinburg Antiquarian Society.—*English Paper.*

From Mrs. Gen. Sherwood we learn an interesting story of the flag mentioned in the above paragraph, which is going the rounds of the press. By the account preserved in her family, duly attested in the "Scots Worthies," "The Whigs of Scotland," and other historic Scottish works, it was her paternal ancestor, several generations removed, who saved that flag at Bothwell Bridge. Thomas Brownlee, the Laird of Torfoot, commanded the Avendale men in the Covenanter army, of which Sir Robert Hamilton was Commander-in-Chief, and was twice wounded at the battle of Drumclog and twice at Bothwell Bridge, in hand to hand conflicts with Claverhouse's dragoons.

As the account has it, at Bothwell Bridge, when it became apparent that Hamilton's men were doomed to defeat, Sir Robert, whose horse had been killed in the fray and who was himself badly wounded, addressing the chief men who had rallied to his assistance, said: "My brave comrades, the day is lost, but you Honwie of Lochgoin and you Brownlee of Torfoot, save the flag from those incarnete devils." Those were the days of sword contests, and the allusion of Sir Robert was to the brutal hireling dragoons of the English Army, whose depredations in the Scottish country had aroused the people to the wildest pitch of indignation.

In the fight for the flag which followed the standard of scarlet and blue, so dear to the persecuted Covenanters, and which bore the legend in golden letters, "Christ's Crown and Covenant," fell across Torefoot's breast. Seizing the standard he tore the flag from the staff and, wrapping it around his body, rode from the field, hotly pursued, and succeeded in consigning it to Hamilton's keeping. His horse was killed in the pursuit and he was left on the field for dead. When he was restored to consciousness he found himself in the hands of the enemy and faint from his bleeding wounds was compelled, with other prisoners, to make that long march to Edinburg, subjected to incredible sufferings. There, with 249 others, he was condemned to banishment and put aboard a vessel which struck on the Mule Head of Darnoss. Two hundred were drowned through the brutality of the Captain who kept them in the hatches. Fifty escaped through the humanity of a common sailor; who, after the Captain and crew had deserted the sinking ship, cut a hole through her side as she lay on her beam ends and drew out as many as he could before she went down.

The waves washed the Bothwell warriors ashore, Terfoot and his preserver being laid on the peak of a high rock together where they were rescued. The laird astonished his friends by appearing suddenly among them and lived to spend a long life in literary pursuits It is interesting to know that this staunch champion of civil and religious liberty had many descendants in the Union army, some of whom lost their lives on the battlefields of the Republic.

How to Foretell Weather.

The Farmer's Club of American Institute has issued the following rules for foretelling the weather. If farmers and others whose business is out of doors and depend upon the weather will study them closely, they will be able to guess the weather more accurately than Wiggins or Vennor:

1. When the temperature falls suddenly, there is a storm forming south of you.
2. When the temperature rises suddenly there is a storm forming north of you.
3. The wind always blows from a region of fair weather toward a region where a storm is forming.
4. Cirrus clouds always move from a region where a storm is in progress toward a region of fair weather.
5. Cumulus clouds always move from a region where a storm is forming.
6. Where cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the north or northeast there will be rain inside of 24 hours, no matter how cold it is.
7. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the south or southeast there will be a cold hailstorm on the morrow, if it be in the summer, and if it be in winter, there will be a snowstorm.
8. The wind always blows in a circle around a storm, and when it blows from the north the heaviest rain is east of you; if it blows from the south the heaviest rain is west of you; if it blows from the east the heaviest rain is south.
9. The wind never blows unless rain or snow is falling within 1,000 miles of you.
10. Whenever heavy, white frost occurs, a storm is forming within 1,000 miles north or northwest of you.

"Godey's Lady's Book" recommends Arcadia Velveteens for children's suits.

AN ARITHMETICAL MARVEL.

A Blind Man Who Finds Pleasure in Mental Play with Fractions.

Hartford Courant.

Pardon Tillinghest, of Danielsonville, who is entirely blind, barely distinguishing day from night, has recently performed some wonderful feats in mental arithmetic. His attention was called to some facts in regard to the combination of figures 142,857. If multiplied by 2 the product is 285,714—the same figures and in the same order, only starting with another and changing the first two to the extreme right. Multiplying by 3, 4, 5, a like result is obtained; that is, the figures are the same and succeed each other in a similar way. This led to a careful study of these figures, and he soon found that preceded by the decimal point they are the decimal equivalent of 1-7. He found, too, that this is the repetend of a repeating decimal. His thoughts were in this way turned to the fraction 1-7, and he performed mentally the operation of reducing its square, 1-49, to a repeating decimal having a repetend of 42 places—six times as many as that of 1-7. Then he took the cube of 1-7, equal to 1-343, and performed the prodigious feat of turning this into a repeating decimal whose repetend has 294 figures, or six times as many as that of 1-49.

All this, of course, without a mark to aid the calculation or the memory. It filled leisure hours of a number of days. He would work the division ten places at one operation, holding in memory the result, including the remainder, for hours or days, till he could work the next ten, and so on until he had the entire repetend. The necessity for frequent provings of his work added to its complication. The mathematicians of those parts doubt whether this mental effort has ever been excelled, at any rate, by a blind man.

The Fear of Death.

London Daily Times.

The differences of courage in men of different races and religions are curiously illustrated by the behavior of the Egyptians and of Europeans in times of war and in times of pestilence. It is reported that the Egyptians are indifferent to death if it comes on them in the shape of cholera. The natives take no sanitary precaution at all, except when they are compelled. They do not even run away. They would crowd like flies around the body of one of their saints or holy men who had just died of cholera, without the slight dread of infection. They wear the clothes left by relations whom the malady has just carried off, showing more courage than the merchants who are so anxious to bring Egyptian rags into this country. In the matter of food and drink, the natives make no difference when cholera is among them. Perhaps they have not much choice. They still devour the flesh of animals which have perished by a natural death, and what they can not eat they throw into canals, of which they then drink the water. When plague was more deadly in Cairo than cholera is today, Mr. Kinglake found almost as great indifference. The ladies made it a kind of joke to touch the European in passing, by way of frightening him into the belief that he had the plague. But the festivals of Islam went on just as usual, and the surviving children played with the Oriental merry-go rounds till the plague, in response to the prayers of the faithful, "went to another city." The opposite conduct in all respects is pursued by Europeans. Clearly we Christians of the Indo-Germanic race are not indifferent to death. When there is a chance we flee out of infected cities. Our plans of quarantine, admirably fitted to develop disease where it does not exist, and to spread it where it does, are blundering attempts to escape our fate. Our sanitary regulations are supposed to be more scientific and of better effect, and testify at least to our diligence in avoiding death. Occasionally pestilence brings panic Europeans, always it gives rise to alarmed precautions. It always has been so. People did what they could in the way of sanitary measures in the great plague. In Edinburg, where filth was piled high before and around the houses, women were branded on the cheek for having sold infected raiment and other objects. The graveyards where the plague stricken were buried lie green and unopened ever since in lonely places of the hills. But the Egyptian cares more for the safety of the long lock of hair by which the archangel is to haul him to paradise than for his own immunity from disease, or for the chances of those dear to him.

One of Rufus Hatch's Jokes.

Immediately on the arrival of the excursionists at Hot Springs Hotel, in Yellowstone Park, three dudes determined on having a bath, as the proper thing under the circumstances. They were directed to the bath spring, three-quarters of a mile from the hotel, and were soon mounted and *en route*. They had been in the water only a few minutes when they were saluted by a series of yells and the discharge of numerous revolvers. Following this pandemonium, half a dozen cowboys galloped into view, arrayed in buckskin toggery and armed with revolvers and knives. The terrified dudes were ordered out of the spring and told to put on their shirts, shoes and trousers, and make a break for the mountains.

"Really, ye know, we cawn't do it," said one of them, sweating with terror; "Mr. 'Atch will expect us back to dinner. Won't he, Cholly?"

"True, you are," replied "Cholly." "We're engaged to dine, ye know. I say, cawn't you just let us 'ave our weskits and our 'orses? Mr. 'Atch will pay you, ye know. It's quite too awful; left in these 'ills in a state of nature. Mr. 'Atch will 'ave to buy us some underwear; and I say, Mr. Highwaymen, cawn't you let us 'ave our revolvers? I'm told the bloody gophers are very fierce."

But the "highwaymen" were obdurate, and the three dudes were forced to leave their horses, part of their clothing, their revolvers and money ($2.10 each), and "hoof it" back to the hotel. When they arrived, full of the untold perils of their adventures, they were again paralyzed by finding their horses tied in front of the hotel and the plunder taken by the cowboys piled up on the office counter. Uncle Rufus kindly explained the situation, and Hobart went off into a long, deep and solitary canon five miles away to have a laugh.

Rich Men Not America's Best Product.

New York World.

The cottages of Newport have adopted a plan of reception for Lord Coleridge, which is based on the idea that they "represent the moral and intellectual forces which have made this country what it is." They represent nothing but money. Some of them made their money honestly; others made it out of their country's misfortunes; others made it by monopolies. They are merely a handful of rich men. It is not the rich men who made this country what it is. It was the country which made the rich men what they are. When we think of this we are no proud of the country. But we are too proud of it to permit any little set of mere purse potentates to claim that they represent the moral and intellectual forces which have made it what it is.

Not Familiar With Them.

Rochester Post-Express.

A member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, who although well to do is noted for the very plain styles in which his domestic affairs are conducted, was stopping at a New York hotel with his six-year old daughter. At the dinner table one day the little girl astonished the guests by exclaiming: "Oh, papa, papa, these forks have got handles, just like spoons!"

Culture.

Bismarck Tribune.

A Montana belle being asked by a Bismarck man if they possessed any culture out her way replied; "Culture? You bet your variegated socks we do! We kin sling more culture to a square foot in Helena than they kin in any camp in America. Oh loosen my corsets till I smile."

The Last of the Pinafore Jokes.

Lowell Courier.

The stockbroker is disconsolate in these days if "no telephone communicates with his sell."

AFTER MANY YEARS

The Mystery of a Missing New England Judge is Unraveled.

Philadelphia Express.

A telegram from Nashua, N. H., says that the mystery surrounding the strange disappearance many years ago of Judge Allison, once well known throughout New Hampshire, has been cleared up at a peculiar manner. Judge Allison, who, when a young man, was one of the side Judges under the old organization of the State Courts, left his home in Suncook 30 years ago. His disappearance caused a nine days' talk and a few weeks search. Then he faded out of the memory of his old friends and relatives. Yesterday, however, a man living here received a letter from a brother at Leadville, giving a graphic account of the finding of a skeleton in the White River range. James and Thomas Canavan and John Johnson were prospecting in that region, when they lost their bearings and wandered up the Snake River to Eagle River valley. There they tumbled against a tumbledown cabin, in which was scattered about in confusion a few decaying articles of furniture, an old and crude chest, and an old-fashioned musket on the wall. From beneath a rude table there "grinned a death's head," with a mat of hair clinging to a skull. The skeleton was held by clothing evidently thrown over it after death. In one of the pockets of the old coat was an envelope marked: "To be opened by my friends." Inside was a letter reading as follows:

"I have chosen this life of hermitage in preference to living where misfortune blasted my reputation and business. My wife is dead. She had much to do with my troubles—much to do with making them. As I said, she is dead. My house, and it was a beautiful house, was near Suncook, N. H. I was a Judge once, and a happy man, too, but that time is long past. I feel death approaching now. The clammy hand is upon me, and sometimes I feel I shall die unnaturally. I have a nephew with me. He is bad at heart and in temper. He thinks I have a large sum of money saved from my former estate, and when I told him I had only $200 his eyes flashed murder. I gave him plenty when I had it, and now when I have no more I think I ought to send him back to the States, where he can enjoy his young life. I think this seclusion is destroying my senses. What if I should become insane and kill myself? I'll never do that. Walter will stay with me, and who knows, one of these days we may find gold here and again become rich. If I could have got any ground at Breckenridge I would have remained there and mined there. I like this better. I have no children—nobody but Walter; and after all, I don't think he would harm an old man like me, because he foolishly believes I am keeping money from him.

JOHN J. ALLISON."

No money could be found in the cabin. It is concluded that Allison must have been murdered.

The Suspender Girl.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Men who never wore suspenders are buying them at the Southern Exposition. And they tell their friends about it and they buy another pair, and it's all on account of the way they are sold. "Here they are, sir," she said, with a sisterly (some other fellow's sister) welcome on her pretty face, "any and all kinds of suspenders. Of course you'll take a pair. They'll fit you snugly, and if you've been out o' nights they'll brace you up. Wear them three years, and if they rip, tear or stretch come back—and buy another pair. Hard study is making you round shouldered. Take a dose of these suspenders daily and you'd walk the waters like a thing of life. Suppose you perspire—but you're too nice to think of such a dreadful thing—this suspender will not be affected by it. There is a general wail for these gold plated silk ones You won't buy suspenders? Then it must be garters you want. Closed so, the garter stops circulation, induces lameness, shortens your days and makes the undertaker blossom as the rose. But with this patent circular the step quickens, the eye brightens, and general joy takes possession of the community. And this patent, but pardon me a moment—"

"And you are back again?" she beamed on an old gentleman from out of Town; "how many pretty things you've bought. Let me tie them up for you. There, now you have them."

"Thank you, miss," smiled the old gentleman. "I'm coming back on the 27th to the agricultural show, and I'll call to see you, sure," and he shook her hand warmly.

She literally rained good humor and eloquence on the visitors.

An Electric Stove.

Virginia City Chronicle.

James Meagher, the well known musician of this City, has a common cook stove at his residence near the Water Company's reservoir on the Divide, which exhibits peculiar electrical properties. During a thunder storm the stove cannot be approached without exhibiting all these properties, and on touching it a shock is the result. During the cloudy days last week the stove was continually charged with the fluid, and on the approach of a storm cloud the family provided themselves with silk handkerchiefs (non-conductors), which they used in lifting articles on and off the stove. Mr Meagher says that he is positive there is no telegraph wire in the vicinity of the house. He can only account for the phenomenon by supposing that the wire guys of the stovepipe attract the electricity from the clouds and conduct it to the stove.

The Truth of a Few Words.

Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Hon. Samuel J. Randall is a Protectionist, just as other Congressmen are. He stands up for the policy that has made his State powerful and rich. Every Southern Congressman wanted some special protection, or misrepresented his State if he did not.

It Should Retire With Its Leader.

New York Times.

The three-cent piece came into existence with three-cent postage, and now that we are about to see the end of that postage rate it is proper to suggest that the coin should follow its leader into permanent retirement.

A Dollar a Mile.

Buffalo Express.

A lady who was in the Clayton disaster, and now stopping at Yates, has such a dread of railway travel that she has offered $1,000 to any one who will take her to her Western home in a carriage. The distance is about 1,000 miles.

SOMETHING FOR HOADLY.

The Figures Showing the $223,017 Discrepancy in the Accounts of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad—The Money That Passed on an Unknown Errand Through the Office of the Celebrated Law Firm of Hoadly, Johnson & Colston.

Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

The following is a memorandum of an analysis of Pres. Scott's financial report: On pages 26 and 27 is the balance sheet to Dec. 31, 1882. On page 27 assets: By capital expenditure, purchase of locomotives, rolling-stock, tools, machinery, etc., from Cincinnati Railroad Company and Trustees of the Cincinnati & Southern Railway Oct. 12, 1881, $1,865,773, less cars sold and destroyed, $1,930, $1,863,843. This shows the total amount paid to get possession.

Capital expenditures by the Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific, see page 27. Expenses on construction according to the terms of the lease, rolling-stock, and organization:

Expenses between October 12, 1881, and December 31, 1881 (3½ months)		$393,309
Do. for year ending Dec. 31, 1882		416,823
Total spent in 14½ months of capital Amount expended by Engineer		$720,132
Bouscaren in 14½ months (see pages 33 and 34)	$419,528	
Amount expended for rolling stock	48,939	
Do do tools and machinery	22,576	
Do do for miscellaneous	6,074—	497,115
Leaving not accounted for		$223,017

In the report salaries of engineers are counted twice, and organization expenses are counted twice.

The total, $497,115 given above; constitutes the total of all items of "capital expended" contained in the report.

We are left wholly to conjecture as to the items composing the above difference, $223,017. The report (page 8) gives the items composing the sum $416,823 for the year 1882, but nowhere gives the items composing the sum $302,309 expended during the first two and a half months. Why not? The report is sadly deficient without it.

Of the $3,000,000 of capital stock paid up by the same shareholders on October 12, 1881, the report accounts—that is, gives items of expenditure—as follows:

Paid the Trustees and the old company	$1,863,843
Expended by the new company, the C., N. O. & T. P.	497,115
	$2,360,958
Capital stock	3,000,000
Leaving to be accounted for of the capital stock Dec. 31, 1882	$ 638,040

How It Looks at Saratoga.

New York Tribune.

Ohio Democrats tell me at Saratoga that Foraker will be elected. They say that Hoadly has shown infirmness of judgment and of stability which surprise many of the people and especially disturb the Germans.

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The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper, write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

SUMMERING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

II.

Our camping place was well chosen. To be sure a discovery was made after we left that would have diminished our felicity had we known of it before, but we didn't. The bliss of ignorance was ours absolutely, and I am going to make it yours until farther on.

We were upon the bank of a swiftly flowing creek of the clearest and coldest water. It was born way up in the mountains and its first gurgle of delight at existence had swelled into a song of triumph by the time it reached the little basin where our tents were pitched.

Its *crescendos* and *diminuendos* to those whose souls were attuned to such melodies, as ours were at that precise time, were something wonderful. It is singular though, how physical conditions influence one's appreciation of that sort of thing. What are angel's melodies at a given moment anon change into hideous noises which we would give worlds to escape from. To us, so far, the creek was a whole band of music, celebrating our coming into this eyrie in the mountains with all the energy that could be put into its tones.

Speaking prosaically, the place was like the bottom of a deep cup, the road by which we entered being a somewhat twisted spout. It gives one who has recently come from the turmoil of crowded Cities, a curious sensation to be transferred into the quiet of such surroundings. The absence of everything outside of your own belongings that speaks of the outer world; the utter stillness, broken only by the sounds made by Nature's own voices; the vastness of the solitude which shuts you in, where but a patch of earth and sky enclosed by the everlasting hills meet the eye; the consciousness that you are resting away up in midair among the transfixed throes of some mighty convulsion that rocked the earth ages ago—all of these things combine to make you forget your identity and let Fancy run riot with the past and future. I have heard it said that there is nowhere so desolating a sense of loneliness as upon the wide open plain, and I think it may be so, for the mountains seem to gather you into their heart with friendly warmth, and yet this same gathering-in process gives one the feeling of being forever lost to the busy, rushing, tumultuous world below. At least this was the effect upon me in the Yosemite Valley, and it was the same in this little nook in the Rockies.

If our imaginations did not riot around as wildly in the first hour or two after our arrival as they might have done, it was because we were so awfully hungry. (I use the word "awfully" advisedly.) The pitching of our tents in this wilderness appeared to take an unconscionably long time. The building of a roaring fire before the one to be occupied by the petticoated part of the expedition was an interminable process, and when the "medicine man" began brewing the coffee in a quiet, don't-you-be-in-a-hurry sort of way peculiar to himself, the pangs we suffered seemed never-ending. All distinction between aristocracy and democracy were lost now and we sat around glaring with hungry eyes upon each other and the eatables that *crept* out upon the impromptu tables.

That supper! Eaten beneath the delicious blue of a Colorado sky, with the merry song of the waters sounding in our ears mingled with the crackling of the fire, the sun mischievously darting down its golden arrows as a farewell greeting ere he hid his face behind the mountain peak,—*could* the ambrosia of the gods be sweeter and more satisfying?

That supper! It was not served in accordance with rigid rules of etiquette. It was not brought on by courses in crystal and china and silver. There was rather a curious and irregular mixture of bread and butter, meat and cysters, cake and pie, pickles and jelly, washed down by hot coffee, but who that has not had a similar experience can imagine the exquisite delight of that evening repast among the grand old Rockies 9,000 feet above the sea level?

Then in the gloaming, while the rest sat around the blazing fire which made weird shadows come and go as the fierceness of its blaze increased or diminished, two of the party climbed up the steep mountain side, away up hundreds and hundreds of feet above us, and gathering in a heap the dry wood scattered in profusion everywhere, soon had it flaming up against the dark background as a signal to watching friends in the valley that all was well.

It seems to me I never saw blacker darkness than that which settled down upon us as the hours wore on, and yet the stars were shining bright in the clear sky. Perhaps it seemed so simply because of the strangeness of our surroundings. You, to whom camping out is no novelty, cannot appreciate the first sense of being cast adrift upon the cold world when night comes down and there is no friendly roof to cover you, nothing but a canvas tent between you and the antics which the winds and clouds may conclude to play before morning.

I shall never forget that first experience of sleeping—or as near an approximation to sleeping as I got—upon the ground. We turned in early. There were six feminines. Our bed was made thusly. First a tent flap was spread upon mother earth. Then a tier of blankets. Another one. Then our pillows or what were to answer for those articles, and finally more blankets for covering. We were to lie in a row straight, like jackstraws in a box, or else harmoniously spooned the same way. Every departure from this rigid regularity would disturb the beautiful symmetry of the arrangement and make somebody uncomfortable.

We turned in, as I said before, early. "Turned in," in this case, meant a slight unfastening of our outer clothing and a sardine disposition of ourselves, not in oil, but under the blankets. All *seemed* happy in the prospect of a good night's sleep preparatory to a climb to the Lake of the Clouds the next morning. Nobody asked any audible blessing upon our slumbers, but all felt that peace which bespeaks clear consciences. Into the tent opening shone the waning firelight, and the music of the waters made a lullaby to our weary senses. Fainter and fainter grew its melody in my ears, and I was fast sinking away into oblivion, when the operation was brought to an abrupt close by a movement of the "spooner" on my left, who softly elevated herself to an erect position, in order, she gently remarked, to ascertain if everything was all right in the tent. Satisfied with the result of her explorations, she crawled back again into the six-inch vacancy and addressed herself to the work before her once more. A moment of absolute quiet, in which I gained the borders of the land of Nod, and the "spooner" upon my right began to cautiously uncurl herself, with the announcement that she was sick and could not keep still one moment longer. Thenceforward there was a staccato movement on each side of me through all the night, and there were more hours in *that* than had ever before been compressed into a single night of my life.

By the time daylight came I could have stood a good examination in Physiology upon the subject of bones, for I knew exactly just how many I had and their exact position. I studied the matter all thro' the dark hours, starting out with one, and ending with exactly *nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine*. Of course I am well aware that my conclusions do not correspond with those of most scientists, but I am sure that I am right, and it only needs the same sort of experience to develop that number in most human beings.

Upon gathering ourselves together in the morning, and examining the ruins of our bed we discovered that some blocks of wood had been unknowingly left under the tent flap. Now it is possible to sleep upon a plank, and to sleep well, but to balance one's self upon a hard knot and sweetly slumber is not an easy thing to accomplish. Still with the drawback of a disturbed night there was no receding from the conviction when we all gathered around the fire and caught the fragrance of the steaming coffee, that camping out was the best kind of fun, and the creek that had been utterly diabolical in its noisy triumph over our discomforts through the dark hours, resumed the wonderful melody which had so delighted us when we first came into the happy valley. EMILY S. BOUTON.

The Working Women of Italy.

The working women of Italy are seeking to ameliorate their condition by forming labor unions in connection with societies of this kind composed of men and also of their own sex. Miss Raviola, an orator of great force and persuasive power, recently addressed an immense Labor Congress at the Castelli Theater, of Milan, where 50 labor societies met, together with the Society of the Republican Brotherhood of Milan. Mrs. M. Berra, at a meeting of the Toledo Woman's Suffrage Association, translated the oration of Miss Raviola, from which we quote some extracts, showing the condition of the laboring women of Italy and their efforts to rise above the oppression of misrule, inequality and over-population:

"Working women of Italy, ye ceaseless, untiring toilers, what is the aim towards which your societies tend? To what purpose the fraternal union which unites you? It is that you feel that you have a mission to fulfil, and to it you propose to devote yourselves with love and perseverance. As many of the heros of the past were the sons of plebeians, so you, daughters of the common people, realize that you are not predestined to a life of misery, or condemned to one of grievance, but that you, too, are well-deserving Italian citizens, entitled to a share of the blessings of life.

The civilization of a nation is measured by the position of her women, as women, as mothers, as citizens. In her present aspect the working woman of Italy marks an anachronism in social development. Progress is around her, about her, everywhere, she alone remains stationary. She may have been taught to read and write, her perceptions may have been awakened, but in the consideration of the, to her important questions of education and social amelioration she is a cipher.

How does she interpret or help on the civilizing movement to better the condition of the laboring classes? What is her influence as maid, wife, mother, citizen, and what value has her personality in legal estimation? The answer is, the life of a laboring woman of Italy is one of interwoven with inexpressible deprivations and toils. It is one long chain of fruitless and ignored sacrifices and deprivations, which in no manner betters the moral or material condition of her class or caste. In childhood, so soon as capable of doing the least remunerative work, she goes to the factory. There she is surrounded by all manner of dangers, which endanger not her good name and render her manners harsh and her mind insincere. At the very age when her moral and intellectual nature requires watchful training and the careful development of home and school, she is torn from all these good associations. Her girl life is one of want, want of wholesome food, respectable clothing, and those innocent pleasures which serve as distractions from care at that age.

When she becomes a woman she labors from twelve to fourteen hours per day, for a remuneration of twelve cents. Is it a wonder then that houses of infamy are recruited from the girls of the working class? When motherhood comes to her, she suffers from the cutting cold and severe labor, dire necessity compels, which takes her from her babes and her domestic hearth, and leaves the training and rearing of her children to helpless age and inexperienced youth. From her scanty pittance she can make little or no provision for old age, and when this comes she is bowed down with disease, suffers from the want of those comforts which make old age endurable, and she has had no comfort in the past, so she has no consolation in the present, or hope in the few wretched days the future has in store for her.

Let us bow with reverence to this heroine of labor. Let us extend to her our affectionate greeting. Let us seek to lift her from the prostration and sorrow under which she groans and elevate her to the position she should have in the family, in society, in her country. How can she be redeemed from her unhappy condition? There is only one remedy against so much evil, and that is that those who suffer from adverse fate, possibility of creating for themselves a better one.

"Working women of Italy, you have the possibility of rising above your unhappy condition. A powerful tie increases and multiplies all social forces, diffuses ideas and makes a way through untold obstacles, and this is the tie of association. Divided, you are powerless, united, you are a strong sustaining force and will ameliorate your condition. In accomplishing an organization you will find obstacles and difficulties at every step, and the two most formidable are prejudice and ridicule. But let not your courage fail, when your future and your children's are at stake. Moralists say, let woman bow her head in sadness and not step beyond it, and we answer, yes, woman must and does make home a sanctuary, but that does not imply that she shall count as nothing in what concerns her own, her children's and her country's weal or woe, or that she shall remain a passive being, when she has been endowed with gifts of reason, sense and mind. When the conscript act takes her boys to murder them in wars, she has the right to know and discuss whether the wars are just or unjust. Are her wages lowered or her bread diminished she has the right to protest! As Guinet says, "Woman has had no horizon beyond that of intrigue, and the time is at hand when she, too, will have a share in moral actions. Hitherto she has been made to represent vanity, the time is at hand when she shall represent moral order, moral force; hitherto she has contributed to the decay of her country, the time is at hand when she will be instrumental in its regeneration. The family will lose nothing by the enlargement of her sphere of action but become the gainer, because her actions from having been automatic will be based upon rational and sound judgment. Her affections will become intensified, and order, economy, and everything necessary to a life of harmony and prosperity will be better understood by her when her views and opportunities are enlarged. The future of Italy rests largely with the working classes, and the working women must inspire, encourage and guide the civilizing forces, and understanding their mission, fulfil it with dignity and courage.

Fancy Work and House Decorations.

Hand Screen.—For those who can have plenty of peacock feathers to use, a very pretty article of this kind can be made. Cut two pieces of pasteboard exactly of the same size, heart-shaped, six inches across the broadest part and seven inches from the notch to the point. Cover these with contrasting colors of satin, which may be embroidered or hand-painted or left plain. Take an old parasol-handle, as pretty and graceful as possible, and cut it off the right length; then shove the end down far enough to make it firm when it is put between the pasteboards. Glue it firmly, but leave the edges loose to put the peacock feathers in. Insert them within an inch and a half of the eyes and glue them in, taking care not to get any of the glue upon them.

Simple Folding Screen.—The *American Queen* gives the following description of a very pretty one: For a simple folding screen, suitable for a bed-room or dining-room, take seven yards of firm, unbleached cotton cloth, three and one-half yards each of olive silesia and upholstery cretonne, three small brass hinges and several dozen brass-headed tacks and two frames, each five feet high and two and one-quarter feet broad. These frames are made of four strips of pine board, one inch thick and two and one-half inches wide, nicely jointed at the corners so as to be quite flat. It is preferable to have the cretonne of bright but harmonious colors and of large figures. The landscape patterns are pretty for this. Cover the frames on both sides with the cotton cloth, fastening it with very common tacks, and, after that, stretch tightly across one side of each a piece of the cretonne an inch larger all around than the frame. On the other side stretch the silesia, with the edges turned in and overlapping the cretonne, and fasten these in the middle of the inch-wide edge with a row of the brass-headed tacks, on which will be the top and outer side when the two panels are joined together with the hinges. The other two ends must be sewed.

Smyrna Insertion.—Cast on 20 stitches; knit across plain. First row—k 12—to twice—n—k 1—to twice—n—k 6 plain; 2d row—same as 1st; 3d row—k 13—to twice—n—k 1—to twice—n—k 5; 4th row—same as 3d; 5th row—k 14—to twice—n—k 1—to twice—n—k 4; 6th row—same as 5th; 7th row—k 15—to twice—n—k 1—to twice—n—k 3; 8th row—same as 7th; 9th row—k 16—to twice—n—k 1—to twice—n—k 2; 10th row—same as 9th; 11th row—k 15—to twice—n—k 1—n—k 3; 12th row—same as 11th; 13th row—k 14—to twice—n—k 1—to twice—n—k 4; 14th row—same as 13th; 15th row—k 13—to twice—n—k 1—to twice—n—k 5; 16th row—same as 15th; 17th row—k 12—to twice—n—k 1—to twice—n—k 6; 18th row—same as 17th.

Begin again at 3d row. The "over twice" in both patterns makes one stitch when knitted. One loop is knit, the other dropped. —ALWAYS BUSY.

An Explanation.—I wrote some time ago for "K. H. S.'s" letter but have not received it, so will answer through the HOUSEHOLD. She says the part after taking off the 20 stitches is indefinite to her. I said purl two rows then knit the next row two stitches together or narrow, and throw thread over the needle as if about to purl or seam across the 20 stitches only, as this is the piece for the toe. Throwing the thread over the needle makes the perforations. To bind off knit one stitch on the right hand needle and when you knit the second one slip the first one over it.

C. N. Sweet does not understand how the thread is to be thrown over the 20 stitches. Narrow and put the thread over your needle as if to purl and then narrow again. I have made these directions as plain as I can. Hope you will understand them.—ANNETTE.

Correspondence.

NEAR TO HER HEART.—"The spirit moves me" to speak of a few subjects that are very near my heart. One thing is the unjust judgments of this world. While in conversation with a friend she spoke of an acquaintance of ours wondering at a certain marriage, where the lady was a great talker and the gentleman very reserved. Our acquaintance thought strange that such a smart woman should marry such a man. The facts of the case were, that the gentleman was one of unusual mind, excellent judgment, spotless character, perfect in principle, sound in reasoning and an earnest Christian, while on the other hand the lady was impulsive, impetuous and flighty—talking so much she had no time for thought. Although there exists such a marked contrast, the two worked very harmoniously together, and seemed drawn to each other by that mysterious law of opposition, and guided by a Providence whose ways are past finding out.

From this brief account we may see how little true worth is appreciated. Display rules the day, and reason runs riot. Girls marry for money and style. Money is lost, style has nothing upon which to feed. Divorce cases grow in frequency, and lawyers gain thereby. O! that my pen were dipped in fires of inspiration and guided by an angel's hand, that I might warn the girls of this Nation to beware. These girls are to be mothers of men; that will rule the affairs of state, or die rotting in the drunkard's ditch. What sober moments they need for thought! What wrestling with God in prayer! What hours for studying the sacred prayers, and the solid literature we may have access to. Thank God in spite of the eager madness of the world for trash, there are still to be found books, magazines and papers enough to train the minds in a channel of thought that will leave no room for slander, back-biting and gossip.

But to resume. How can Christian girls marry worldly men and expect to raise up children to honor and glorify God? I had a friend who married such a man and when she read Christian books he grasped them throwing them far away, telling her if she stopped reading such books she would have more sense. This man to whom I refer was married for his beauty and style.

I have thought in regard to the cultivation of the mind, would it not be much more profitable when we go a visiting, (I say visiting because I live in the country and we visit more frequently than call) to read, with our friend, some good book or instructive newspaper article, and then talk about it and forget that Johnny C. went riding with Mary T. last Sunday evening? It seems that this desire to see our friends and talk over the events that are passing clings to us clear down through the ages following the inspiration of holy pages, where women were enjoined to be keepers at home.

Now I am fully aware that if I stopped now, I would leave a glorious opportunity for a storm of invectives to fall upon my devoted head, but I am far from leaving any such chance. First, then, the men, yes, I repeat it, the men are just as much given to such things as women. Whoever saw a man who did not like to have his wife repeat all the "small talk," as he is pleased to term it. And so it is small talk. But then he likes to hear it, in spite of his muttered answers and apparently uninterested demeanor. Then how many times he goes to Town and talks masculine gossip, or leans over the garden fence and chats to a neighbor. About this being keepers at home. God never meant that women should be narrow-minded hermits, but cheerful, nappy, large-hearted, intelligent beings, capable of training up noble children and being real helpmeets to their husbands.

I want to make a few suggestions about doing our work. Our way of lessening our heavy burdens is to make our clothes less elaborate, thus saving aching backs and weary limbs, caused by running the sewing machine and bending over the ironing table. By saving this unnecessary work we then may find time to go out riding, visit, attend social entertainments, and do other things that will rest our minds and bodies too. These below things are to fill up our time and crowd necessary work, thus making us drudges and slaves disquieted with housework, cross and irritable generally.—ANNIE OF THAREW.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.—Some time ago I saw a request in the HOUSEHOLD for the wedding anniversaries. I will give them.

At the end of the first year comes the cotton wedding; at two years comes the paper; at three the leather; at the close of five comes the wooden; at the seventh anniversary the friends assemble at the woolen, and at 10 comes the tin. At 12 years the silk and fine linen; at 15 the crystal wedding; at 20 the friends gather with their china, and at 25 the married couple that have been true to their vows for a quarter of a century, are rewarded with silver gifts.

From this time forward the tokens of esteem became rapidly more valuable. When the 30th anniversary is reached they are presented with pearls; at the 40th comes the rubies; and at the 50th occurs the glorious golden wedding. Beyond that time the aged couple are allowed to enjoy their many gifts in peace. If, however, by any possibility they should reach the 75th anniversary, they are presented with the rarest gifts to be obtained, at the celebration of their diamond wedding.—HATTIE ROSYBEL.

BE OF GOOD CHEER.—A request comes for words of "good cheer to despondent, elderly persons." I cannot believe there are many "grumblers" in this world of beauty but that many get despondent or have the blues, as some term it, is too true, even when surroundings seem to hold out to them cause for true happiness. Nevertheless few if any live long in this changeable world without having more or less sad experiences. Who hath not had hope smitten and dark clouds overcast their purposes? Who hath not felt, and that keenly, too, the loss of earthly friends and the withering of worldly prospects? Who hath not seen the vanity of life and insufficiency of the world? We say who, and the echo answers who? But how are we to meet the evils of the several conditions and periods of life? How are we even to meet common cares with a right spirit and a smoothness of temper, and a spirit of cheerfulness in the heart. Now we believe in a Supreme Being—we call Him our Father, Father! How significant the word! Even our earthly father directs the concerns of his family and expects his family to acquiesce.

A firm persuasion that our Heavenly Father directs all our affairs ought to silence every murmur and check every degree of impatience. Do we realize how Divine Providence is exercised even in the least and lowliest? "He whose almighty hand controls the stars in their wondrous course, stoops to hide the seed of the little flower in the earth, nourishing it in the dark bosom, and causing it to spring forth at last, dyed in colors that no earthly pencil can imitate. Secured in their hard cradles, lined with softest down. He rocks the tender leaf-buds through all the Wintry storms and surging winds, till they burst forth into the green and beautiful foliage of Summer." Can we not in view of such providence rest assured that "He doeth all things well." We admit that this life is a checkered scene, and that all have traits of one kind or another. As we see only the outside of the condition of others we often imagine that we have more trouble than they. The rich have their trials as well as the poor and we know not the bitter drops which are frequently mingled in that cup, that seems to us so sweet.

If we heed the teachings of the Bible we surely should look on the bright side of things, for it instructs us to have hope, trust, faith, courage, etc. It is unnecessary to quote scripture for all Bible readers are familiar with the passages that tell us that God thinks of the sparrow and how much more he cares for us. His heart is open to us from day to day.

We should try to cultivate those traits that yield happiness, and by making others happy our own will grow. If one feels so utterly disconsolate that he doubts his love to God and his neighbor he should go to work and "to work is to pray," and it is a heavenly precept we should all do well to engrave upon our hearts. It would be well for us also to keep in mind the motto on the tombstone of St. Gilgen:

Look not mournfully on the past, it comes not back;
Enjoy the present—it is thine;
Go forth to meet the shadowy future
With a manly heart and without fear.

From within comes the whispered sentence, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer. I have overcome the world." I see no reason why we should "go down to the grave sorrowing and sighing," or even to look upon death with "fear and trembling." If friends "over the river" are more numerous, then our desire to join them should be increased. We have had many happy meetings with them upon earth. The best is in reserve for us.

No heart upon earth can conceive
The bliss that in heaven they share;
Then who this dark world would not leave,
And cheerfully die to be there?

—MRS. LYDIA S. CURTIS, San Antonio, Tex.

HEED HER WORDS.—"Tired Housekeepers"—and your name is Legion—I, too, want to say a word to you. I entirely agree with Em. S. Earle in advising you to slight your work a little in order to obtain more rest. There are many things that may be slighted with advantage. Yes, ironing. I have for a long time thought, there is too much precious time and strength thrown away on that. I once saw a lady spend one hour ironing one skirt. The next Sunday she wore it to church and we were caught in the rain, with a mile to walk. Just think of that skirt!

I am glad there is at least one beside me who does not iron her common sheets. I do very little of that with any of my every day clothes. When I put them out I shake everything well, so there shall be no wrinkles. In the evening I fold them smooth and flat, and in the morning they are ready, with just a little sprinkling of some of them, to put to air, and they look well, too. Best table linen, shirts, handkerchiefs and such I like to iron nicely.

Everytime my washday comes around a feel saddened to think of the many who are literally killing themselves over the washboard and steam. I feel sometimes like smashing out of town, my nursisters, this unreasonable, obstinate, prejudice in favor of old ways, but I do believe that a day of better things has dawned. Come, let us reason together, you obstinate ones; why will you spend your strength for naught, and your time on that which satisfieth not? I know just how it is with lots of you. You go to your bed tired the night before washday and don't rest well because of worrying about what is to come next. The morning you get up just as tired as you went to bed, discouraged, cross, and snappish with all around you, which makes them all ready to join in the refrain of an old Scotch song:

"Rub, scrub, scrub, rub, rub, scrub away,
The deil a bit o' comfort is there on a washing day."

As the day wears on you get more tired, and, shall I say, more and more cross, and hubby is cross, too, and everybody is miserable. The poor children look so wistfully at mother, and wish there was no wash day. Now, do think it over. The new way is so easy, that scores have found out. I know of how many more I don't know. It does not take nearly so much soap, and certainly not half the time, and such a difference it makes in the wear and tear of clothes. I am old and not strong, and crippled too; yet I do my washing and ironing without dreading it a bit. With you these discomforts are ever increasing every week. One washday is no sooner over than you begin to dread the next. Oh! do be wise, and give yourselves more time for that rest you need so much; time to read and get acquainted with your children, and play with them sometimes and chat with your husband.

Now, please, don't think me an egotist. I am not that; but I have a most earnest wish to help those in need, and what I can do, and if there is any hope I shall recover. —JOE BRADBURY, Lookout, Pettes Co., Mo.

Will some one who has made poultry raising a success, please send her address to the Editor of the the HOUSEHOLD who would like to communicate with her?

Answers to Inquiries.

If "In Trouble," of August 23, will get Thompson's Eye Water and use according to directions, it will help her, I think. I had weak eyes for a long time, and part of the time was blind. That was four years ago, and now when I feel my eyes weakening I always use that, and it never fails to help me. Will she please try it and write the result to the HOUSEHOLD?—E. A. H.

"A Constant Reader," select your pattern, perforate the outlines with a pin, place the pattern over the goods you wish to stamp and rub the pattern with a sponge wet with a mixture of white lead and turpentine.—LEO, Glenwood, Ia.

"Sufferer," a noted physician discovered this recipe for a cure of the habit of drinking, but I never knew any one who tried it. I wish you would give it a trial. It will not harm and may cure you: Take a pint of good whisky, add ½ lb. red peruvian quill bark. Boil down one-half. Give one teaspoonful of the mixture once in four to six hours as the case may require. Let me know result.—LETTIE RANSOM.

S. A. Ayres asked for the address of Minnetta A. Whitney. It is Mrs. O. W. Healy, Mapleton, Blue Earth Co., Minn.

Please tell the young lady that wishes to come West that there is a quarter of vacant land joining my farm which if she would preempt and consolidate with mine, as I am a bachelor, could be farmed to a very good advantage.—S. P. MULLINIX.

"Despondent, "Prairieton, Ind.: Use the following remedy for inflammation of the eyes, and I am quite sure you will be benefitted, if not entirely cured:

In an ounce of soft water put as much sulphate of zinc as is equal in bulk to an ordinary grain of corn. When dissolved, strain through a fine cloth. Fill the eyes with it, at night, before retiring.

This eye-water may be made stronger without injury to the eyes.—C. C.

"Lou," I have heard that iodine, mixed with a little oil, will cure the goiter. Apply every night.—ORANGE BLOSSOM.

"Industrious Jenny," it depends on the variety of strawberry plants and the distance apart they are set, but if you multiply the distance, set in tire rows by the width of the rows, and find how many times this is contained in 56,560 and you will have the right number. Plants here cost $2 per 1,000.—JOHN L. ODEN.

I noticed a request from "Sister" for a cure for deafness. I had a brother troubled with it and he cured himself by dropping a drop of sulphuric ether and glycerine into the ear. I cured myself of earache caused by hardened wax in the same way.

I smiled audibly when I read "Gipsy Queen's" suggestion of a wedding dress for "Black-eyed Lydia" to marry "Jim," and think it would be very well suited for both. I must not say any more but hope my remedy will be given a trial.—MRS. E. D. MARCH.

"Miss Lida," I killed the fleas on my little pup by washing it in strong home-made soap-suds.—J. I. I.

I saw in the Thursday's BLADE, Aug. 9, an inquiry for the name of the author of the following lines:

"Into a yard of the white washed walls,
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,
So soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering look of his boyhood's grace."

The author is Mrs. E. K. Crawford.

Some weeks ago there appeared in the Home of the BLADE a notice from Elsie Stuart, of Canal Dover, Ohio, asking if some one of the readers of the BLADE could not give her a home, on account of sickness in her uncle's family. If she will answer this or write to me, I should be pleased to correspond with her about a home, as I have not got any daughters and have means enough to do for some one that suits.—DR. N. J. DE PUY, Parma, Jackson Co., Mich.

Tell Mrs. George Bennet that her way of making corn starch was the same as I tried last year. I made 10 pounds, and it was good, too. I want to make 8 or 10 pounds this year. If you are not careful you will grate your fingers.—SECOND WIFE.

Recipes.

Green Tomato Pickles.—Slice tomatos and pack in jars, and pour over them strong, boiling-hot salt water; let stand 24 hours; remove tomatos and drain them, then pack again in jars and pour over the syrup, prepared as follows: To 1 gal. of strong vinegar take 2 lbs. brown sugar, 1 oz. cloves and ¼ lb. cinnamon bark, as many green peppers as you like, and horseradish root. Pour over the tomatos boiling hot; let stand 24 hours, then heat again and pour over, and it may be necessary to do it the third time, but the pickles are splendid. Try it and report.

Did any of the HOUSEHOLD ever try green corn and tomatos cooked together? If not, try it. It is splendid canned, too. Take two-thirds tomatos and one-third corn, cook well together and season same as tomatos cooked alone.

Ginger Cookies.—2 cupfuls molasses, 1 cupful lard, 1 cupful sugar, ½ cupful sour milk, 2 eggs, 3 teaspoonfuls soda stirred in flour and 1 in milk.—DELIGHT, P. O. Box 32, Rochester, O.

Plum Pudding, for "Veilched."—One oz. candied lemon peel; 1 oz. candied orange peel; 6 ozs. raisins; 6 ozs. currants; 6 ozs. suet; 6 ozs. sugar; 6 ozs. flour; 2 eggs; 1 pt. sweet milk; 1 nutmeg; 1 teaspoonful salt. Put the raisins, currants, suet, lemon and orange peel in a large dish used for mixing, and add flour, sugar and grated nutmeg. Beat the eggs and stir the milk into them, then mix the other ingredients with this liquid. Put in a well-floured bag. Cook in a pot of boiling water 6 hours.

Coffee Cake, for "Cherokee Rose."—One cupful of molasses; 1 cupful of butter; 1 cupful very strong coffee; ½ cupful brown sugar; 6 cupfuls flour; 1 lb. raisins; 1 teaspoonful baking powder; 1 teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon; 1 nutmeg.

"Mrs. Tyler," get 10 cents' worth of quicksilver and mix it in the white of an egg. Apply to the cracks of your beds with a feather.

"Kitchen," baking soda is excellent for burns, as is lard and flour mixed into a paste. Anything will be good that excludes the air from the wound.—JEAN.

To Cook Summer Squash.—Put a piece of butter in the spider; cut the squash in slices about ½ an inch thick; dredge with flour, lay in the spider, salt and pepper, cover and cook slowly ½ or ¾ of an hour; brown nicely on both sides; serve hot. Care should be taken not to scorch. A nice dish in the absence of meat.

To Broil Beefsteak in the Frying Pan.—Do not pound the steak; heat a small bit of butter in the frying pan; place the steak in the pan, cover closely and cook 3 minutes, turning every ½ minute; lay on the platter; season with salt and pepper; spread with butter, cover and set in a warm place a minute or two; use no water.—ITALIAN QUEEN.

Cucumber Sauce.—Three dozen full grown cucumbers and 8 white onions; peel and chop as fine as possible; sprinkle over them ½ of a pt. of salt; put in a sieve and drain 12 hours, then take 1 cupful of mustard seed, ½ cupful of ground black pepper; mix thoroly, put in a stone jar, and cover with the strongest vinegar.

THE ROYAL BAKER AND PASTRY COOK.—A Royal addition to the kitchen library. It contains over seven hundred receipts pertaining to every branch of the culinary department, including baking, roasting, preserving, soups, cakes, jellies, pastry, and all kinds of sweetmeats, including receipts for the most delicious candies, cordials, beverages, and all other necessary knowledge for the *chef de cuisine* of the most exacting epicure, as well as for the most modest housewife, who desires to prepare for her lord and master a repast that shall be both wholesome and economical. With each receipt is given full and explicit directions for putting together, manipulating, shaping, baking, and kind of utensil to be used, so that a novice can go through the operation with success; while a special and important feature is made of the mode of preparing all kinds of food and delicacies for the sick. The book has been prepared under the direction of Prof. Rudmani, late *chef* of the New York Cooking School, and is the most valuable of the recent editions upon the subject of cookery that has come to our notice. It is gotten up in the highest style of the printer's art, on tinted paper, with elaborately illuminated covers, etc. The Royal Baking Powder Company have kindly promised us to send each of the readers of the BLADE a copy of this useful book, upon application by postal or letter to their New York address. Be sure to mention that you saw this in the BLADE.

Our Young Folks

CHAT WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

Fellow Children:

I always like to hear about the boyhood of great men, don't you? Since my last chat I've been hunting up all the information I could about the early life Fitz-Green Halleck, one of the men I spoke of last week, but nobody seems to know much about him as a boy. I think his younger days were like those of most boys—rather uneventful. I learned, however, that when he was a little chap only two years old, an accident happened to him, the effects of which lasted him all the remaining days of his life. They used to have, you know, in old war times, what they called training days, when the military companies would assemble for drill. On one of these training days little Fitz was playing near the door when two drunken militia men came along. They thought they would have some fun by scaring the baby, so they came up close and fired their guns off. Some of them placed his head close to the little fellow's head that it ruined the hearing of his left ear for life. I find that his folks tried ever so many remedies to restore his hearing, among them the moxa remedy. I didn't know what a moxa remedy could be unless it was some kind of a surgical instrument to put into the ear, but would have never dreamed of its being something burnt on the skin to produce an ulcer. He was 10 years old when this operation was performed.

The doctor took some cotton, rolled it up in the form of a cylinder, dipped it in oil, set it afire and then held it behind Fitz's ear, burning the skin quite a good while. Fitz didn't make any fuss about it; but stood it like a man, and when the doctor took the moxa away, asked "If it was done to a turn—plain to a turn." That expression puzzled me considerably. I suppose that is common enough in some places, but I must confess that I never saw nor heard it before. I don't know as I ever shall have another opportunity of hearing it by this time if it hadn't been for Webster's Unabridged. Ah, isn't that a noble volume!

When Fitz was a little shaver too young to go to school as a regular pupil, he used to go to the school house in the evening to come home with his sister, Marin.

There was a boy in the school named Jack Ward. He was a cripple, and had to use a crutch or two, but he was a mischievious chap. One evening as Fitz and his sister were coming out of the school house door, Jack raised his crutch as if he was going to strike Maria. Fitz thought he was in earnest, and quick as a wink the little 4-year-old snatched up a hammer belonging to a carpenter who was working on the school house, and laid Jack such a blow on the head that it brought him to the ground.

Did you ever speak that little old piece beginning

"You'd scarce expect one of my age,
To speak in public on the stage."

Fitz spoke it at an exhibition when he was only 7 years old, and made a grand success of it, too. Fitz was very precocious. Do you know what that means? I didn't till right recently. He loved to read, and as soon as he learned to write he took to rhyming, because, as one of his schoolmates said, "He couldn't help it." I have three pieces here which he wrote when he was quite young. I don't know how old he was, but some say he was not yet 10. One of them is "A View of the United States." I would like to give it here to show you what a studious little chap he must have been to pick up such a knowledge of his country while so young. Another piece is "The Fortunate Family," which, boy-like, he never finished. The other is "The History of New England." It is very like the first so far as his knowledge of men and events is concerned, and as it is not very long I'll give it here:

THE HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

Where the Green Mountains lift their heads on high,
And where Connecticut's silver streams do lie,
Where woods for miles do cover all the ground,
And where the frogs do make a noisy sound,
Even this our forefathers chose for their abode,
And left their country to enjoy their God.
Persecuted they were, there most of them dead,
For their religion they to Holland fled;
But there the holy Sabbath was profaned,
And their young children in vicious ways were trained.

In this their misery they formed a plan,
Made by a bold and enterprising man,
Which was to leave their much beloved home
And go
Where the brown Indian travels o'er the snow,
And graced with spoils of many a warrior slain,
Brave in his mind, he traverses the plain.
Up is shared, and soon on board they go,
And leave the place where they had seen such woe;
A long time passed—at length they got on shore,
And on their knees their thanks to God do pour;
Now 'round the coast they cast their eager eyes,
And saw all round them naught but wilds and skies
Their nearest neighbor's Indian hostile tribes,
Not to be stopped but by force or bribes;
These they had not. Weakened by fatigue,
Which they had got by sailing so many leagues;
Provisions had the ground covered with snow,
Their weary limbs ready to sink with woe;
These they surmounted, and chose the first year
A man, good, just, with piety sincere,
For Governor. They began to look for now
Some shelter to cover them from snow;

Some days after they arrived at a place,
Which was a very good thing in their case,
Which they call Plymouth in commemoration
Of the last town they had left in their own nation.
They behaved prudent, not setting at defiance
The Indians which brought them food and allies.
In the year sixteen hundred arose
A great conspiracy made by some Indian foes;
But on the night when it should have been done,
An Indian, named John Sagamore, did come,
Revealed the plot and saved the English lives,
Their sons, their daughters, fathers, friends and wives.
The English, alarmed, great preparation began,
And fired the great guns, so that the Indians ran,
Dispersed, made peace, and themselves declared,
Friend of the people to whom they thus had done.
In peace they have since lived, but they now have gone
Where Susquehanna's rivulets do run,
Nor left the English in any apprehension
Of an attack from their once war-like nation.
The Revolution set the American tree
From Parliamentary and British tyranny.
Thus by their industry rude wilds were made
From a barren wilderness to a fruitful shade.
Under a good Government and in a righteous cause
They live in peace, protected by their laws.

So much for Halleck. Now all you little folks who have never heard the history of Mary and her lamb, prepare for a feast. We are indebted to *Golden Days* and Mrs. G. Hall for the following story:

MARY'S LAMB.

There is not a boy or girl in all the land who is not familiar with the story. High and low, rich and poor, have sung those simple verses, and in every variety of tune. They have been translated into as many languages as was parodied by many a college lad. Here is the first verse of our English version, which you will at once recognize:

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go!"

Now, there is a true story attached to these lines, which you may never have heard—the incidents of which happened nearly 50 years ago, not many miles from our National Capital—and if you were to visit the spot now you would find there a dear old lady, the veritable "Mary," who (unconsciously) made herself so notorious, because of her kindness to that poor, motherless lamb, and who would delight to tell you the story, in her own ungarnished way.

When our "Mary" was about 10 years old, she went to live on a farm, which her father had just purchased, and, like most children, whenever he went to the adjoining barn to attend to the cattle, she begged to go with him, especially as there was one old cow that she was very fond of, called "Brindle," who anticipated her coming, and would make a very funny noise whenever she approached the stall, as if to say:

"I hope you're very well this morning."

At least, it sounded so to Mary.

There were a good many sheep, too, in that barn, and one bitter c

HOP BITTERS.

A---Great---Problem.

TAKE ALL THE

KIDNEY & LIVER

Medicines,

BLOOD

PURIFIERS,

RHEUMATIC

Remedies,

DYSPEPSIA

And Indigestion Cures,

AGUE, FEVER

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BRAIN AND NERVE

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GREAT HEALTH

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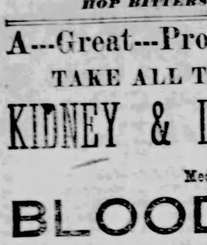
IN SHORT, TAKE ALL THE BEST qualities of all these, and the best qualities of all the best Medicines of the World, and you will find that HOP BITTERS have the best curative qualities and powers of all concentrated in them, and that they will cure, when any or all of these, singly or combined, fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.



Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESS, Including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.

It is Pleasant to the taste, effectious and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and all regular periods.

PECULIARLY ADAPTED TO AND PRESCRIBED IT FREELY.

For the Weaknesses of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been introduced to the world. In fact, it is the Greatest Remedy in the World.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of Either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER, by the Combination of its Elements from the Blood, at the same time will give tone and strength to the whole system. As a nervine it is unsurpassed.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. Mention this Paper.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents.

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SAMARITAN NERVINE.

It is the only known specific for Epileptic Fits. Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness. Nervous Weakness it instantly relieves and cures. Cleanses blood and quickens sluggish circulation. Neutralizes poison of disease and cures sickness. Cures

A SKEPTIC SAID

Only blotches and stubborn blood sores. Eliminates Boils, Carbuncles and Scalds. Cures permanently and promptly cures paralysis. You, it is a charming and healthful Aperient. Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers. Changes bad breath to good, removing the cause. Roots filthous tendencies and makes clear complexion. Equalled by none in the delirium of fever. A charming resolvent and a matchless laxative. It drives Sick Headache like the wind. Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates. Relieves

THE GREAT

NERVE CONQUEROR

the brain of morbid fancies. Promptly cures Rheumatism by routing it. Restores life-giving properties to the blood. Is guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders. Reliable when all opiates fail. Refreshes the mind and invigorates the body. Cures dyspepsia or money refunded.

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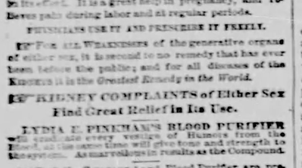
BENSON'S SKIN CURE.

Nervous Prostration. Overworked Brain.

Brain worry kills many thousands every year. School children and others have nervous headaches, and their overtasked brains need repair and sedation. Here is prompt relief.



AGUE CURE.

AYER'S

Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

CLAIMS and Horses Lost by Officers and Soldiers while in service can be collected under recent act of Congress by applying immediately. Apply to T. W. TALLMADGE, attorney, Washington, D. C., who has had 31 years experience and recommended as reliable by Wm. Law, ex-Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury. Also Prosecutes Pension Claims.

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

False Alarm about Drainage.

The practice of drainage has very wisely become prevalent in the Western States, where for years past the want of it has occasioned very great inconvenience to the farmers, not to speak of the enormous losses they have sustained. And I may say it has become *alarmingly* prevalent, if one may judge by various sensational statements of anticipated or dreaded evils that may result from it. I refer specially to a series of articles recently published in a Western agricultural journal, the purport of which is to show that drainage inflicts a great damage upon farmers and the country generally by carrying off the water too rapidly from the soil, and thus not only depriving the soil of needed moisture, but causing mischief and injury by floods at certain seasons.

Now the truth of this matter is really very different from this. Drainage removes water from the soil no doubt; but it is surplus water. This surplus water would flow off anyhow, were there no drains, and in flowing over the surface would wash away a large quantity of soluble matter which exists upon the surface of the soil. Moreover, it would carry off a large quantity of solid matter, soil itself, into the streams, and so denude the land of valuable elements of fertility. Let us examine into this matter a little. An undrained field is filled to the surface with water at certain seasons until it can hold no more. All the water that falls upon the surface will flow away into hollows, making swales or swamps, or it passes directly into the streams and rivers in a thick, turbid flood which carries off an incalculable quantity of the richest part of the soil. The saturated soil is dead; nothing grows in it and it is unaffected by those agencies of the atmosphere which would otherwise exert a beneficial influence upon it and render it fertile.

But this perhaps is not questioned by any person; it is too apparent to require discussion. Let us then consider what happens when this soil is drained. The surplus stagnant water is gradually removed. It does not and cannot pass off in a sudden flood, as is charged by the writer referred to, for it must percolate downwards for three feet and laterally for 30 feet before it can enter the drains, and therefore moves slowly and deliberately, and at the same time constantly. Now, if all the water which falls upon the surface passed into the drains at once and escaped, the objection raised would be just. But it does not do this. The soil below the drains still retains all the water it can or could ever hold, and so all the springs would still be supplied as before, and the fear that this source of water supply can be interfered with is groundless. But the soil above the level of the drains is by no means deprived of water. Soil holds a very large quantity of water which can not be drawn from it by drains. The following table taken from Stewart's Irrigation for the farm, garden and orchard, shows how much water is retained in various kinds of soil:

PER CENT. OF WATER RETAINED IN SOIL.	
Pure quartz sand	25
Clay soil, 40 per cent. sand	50
Clay loam	51
Heavy clay soil, 20 per cent. sand	61
Fine limestone, clay soil	85
Rich garden soil	101
Peat or decayed vegetable matter	181

These quantities are held by the various soils without any filtration from them, and therefore, if drained, they would still retain these proportions of water. So that it is quite impossible for the drains to remove from the land any more water than the surplus after healthful saturation, and which surplus is an injury. It might be easy to add much more to show how unfounded is the fear that the drains can have any injurious effect, but perhaps this much may be sufficient to set farmers thinking for themselves, that they may learn the truth about it, and not become alarmed unnecessarily, and be induced to abandon a practice that is very often indispensable to their success.
—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

Rye for Green Manure.

Vegetable matter of some sort is quite indispensable in a fertile soil. A fertile soil always holds more moisture than an infertile one, and a good supply of moisture is very essential in the soil for any crop. A crop of green rye contains a considerable proportion of water, and when plowed down all is added to the soil; while the straw, as it goes through decomposition, absorbs and slowly imparts to the surrounding soil the same elements, thus furnishing manure for growing plants. On many soils clover and some other crop used for green manuring fail to grow from some cause, but rye being a very hardy plant, seldom, if ever, fails to produce some vegetation on the poorest soil, and with the aid of a little fertilizer (even a bushel of plaster) to the acre, quite a crop of vegetable matter may be grown.

There is no one plant within my knowledge which will furnish an equal amount of vegetable matter in the same time that rye will. Rye sown during September, on well plowed ground, at the rate of one and a half or two bushels per acre, will supply a good growth ready to plow down in the May following, which will decompose rapidly, furnishing both heat and moisture to the crop to which the ground may be planted, and its beneficial effects will be observed immediately as the plants begin to grow. The rye may be walked over with only a springy motion to the tread, while if the same soil Fall plowed, without rye, be too spongy and wet to bear the weight. The net-work of roots of the rye draws moisture from the soil, which is thrown off by the leaves, and also furnishes considerable drainage.

I think it will pay to sow rye after corn or potatoes, where the same land is designed for oats or barley the following Spring, or even for later crops. I know, from observation, that it pays. For green manuring of soil designed for early Spring plowing, the earlier the rye is sown the better, because there is a heavier mass to plow under in Spring. In April this will be light at best, but the increased dryness of the soil permits earlier plowing, which is quite important. The green matter under the furrow will have a slight effect in keeping the soil from becoming too compact. It will make the soil warmer and drier in early Spring, and moister in the hot and dry weather later in the season. For young orchards it is an excellent crop to fertilize the soil and keep up the vegetable matter, thus supplying the needs of the young trees.

Clover cannot be substituted for rye in the young orchard, as it is injurious instead of beneficial. It makes its growth in Summer, its roots penetrating deep, while the rye makes its growth in Fall and early Spring, and its roots keep close to the surface. The plowing down of the two crops at different seasons also has a different effect on the trees, the rye being plowed down in the spring when injuries to the roots of trees are most easily repaired, and the clover in midsummer when injuries from plowing to the roots often give them a shock which does more injury than the decaying clover can do good. For gravelly knolls and distant fields, where it is impracticable to carry farm manure, or grow other green manuring crops, rye will be found a most profitable crop, as if desirable it may be lightly pastured during a portion of the Fall without detriment to the green crop to be plowed under in Spring.—*W. H. White, in Country Gentleman.*

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Experimental Station.

Every farm is an experimental station. It will surprise your neighbor to-morrow, when you ask him how he gets on with his experimental station; but the facts warrant the query. How else was it that this very neighbor cut his hay earlier in the season, noticing in the Winter that the potatos had grown best in an accidentally sandy spot. The only difference between this sort of experimenting and scientific investigation, is that on the farm the experiments occur casually while the scientist invents them according to his purpose. We are all investigators of nature in a hap-hazard way; science is simply the application of system to its end. While a farmer now and then by accident drops an interrogation point into the soil and gets his answer next season, the scientist plants a whole crop of interrogation points and has a harvest of answers—40 bushels to the acre. Some of the answers seem foolish enough to us unscientific people, and we have rather fallen into the wad of "pooh-hooing" science, but perhaps we do wrong in that.—*Farmers' Review.*

Ensilage vs. Roots.

Prof. Wm. Brown, Superintendent of the Ontario Agricultural College farm, states, as the result of experiments he made during 1882-3, (1) That fodder-corn was harvested and stored in silo at a cost not exceeding $1 per ton, exclusive of cultivation. (2) That this ensilage gave 15 per cent. less milk, 30 per cent. less butter, and that of poorer marketable quality in color than Swede turnips. (3) That Swede turnips, weight for weight with mangels and sugar beets, and in association with equal quantities of other foods, gave the lowest returns in feeding cattle, or 2.30 pounds per day, while mangels gave 2.38 pounds per day, and sugar beets gave 2.70 pounds per day under similar conditions. On the other hand, Prof. Samuel Johnson, of the Michigan Agricultural College farm, on which roots have been long and successfully grown for stock feed, finds in his experiments of last winter, a confirmation of the conclusions indicated by those of the winter before, namely, that corn-ensilage is a cheaper stock food than roots.

Remedy for Ticks on Lambs.

Mr. J. S. Woodward gives in the *Husbandman*, speaking against tobacco washes to rid sheep ticks as poisonous, the following recipe which will neither make patient nor applicant sick:

Take lard or lard oil, or, what is better still if you have it, the grease that has resulted from frying pork, and add to this one-third its bulk of kerosene oil, or if handy, crude petroleum, which is better; after waning sufficiently to melt the lard, shake thoroughly together, and keeping it as hot as it can be without harming the lamb, pour a quantity along the back from the head to tail, letting a helper slightly part the wool as you proceed. By doing this a week or 10 days after shearing and again in the Fall as the sheep are put into Winter quarters, not a tick need be found on any of the flock, young or old. Doubts were expressed whether the above is any better than carbolic acid soap, a safe and easy remedy.

A Dangerous Enemy.

We cannot too earnestly urge the necessity of using the new Vitalizing Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia, in the very *commencement of Pulmonary troubles* and before the disease has made any serious inroads upon the system and reduced its power to contend with so dangerous an enemy. In many of the cases which come to them are of long standing, and the chances for a radical and permanent cure just so far remote. That their Treatment benefits or cures so large a proportion of these cases is often as much a surprise to themselves as to their patients. If your cough is becoming troublesome, if you are beginning to lose flesh and strength and have night-sweats, call on or address by letter sending to Drs. Starkey & Palen for such documents and reports of cases as will enable you to understand the nature and action of their new Treatment. Take your enemy in time, and the chances are all in favor of your dislodging him.

John Roach on Shipbuilding.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—John Roach, the ship-builder, resumed his testimony this morning before the Education and Labor Committee. He wished to correct some misapprehensions which seemed to exist in the minds of the public regarding his previous testimony. He denied emphatically that he testified that ships could be built as cheaply in this country as in England, as the cost of labor was greater, which increased the cost of building.

Roach believed in protection of labor, in order to develop properly the resources of the country. Without protection no person would have an opportunity of developing his genius, unless those industries existed in which his talents could be exercised. He claimed that without protection no industries, except farming and mining, could be carried on. In the case of the three commodities—cotton and woolen goods and iron—the average value of the yearly importation for the last 10 years was $1,170,900. These facts Roach considered a dangerous sign, especially as it existed under the present tariff laws.

The witness proceeded to give the Committee further enlightenment on the question of free ships. At the present time, Great Britain had one thousand millions of money invested in the shipping business. It was her most profitable industry. Ten years ago England had 142,000 men engaged in the sailing merchant service, and 5,500 in the steam merchant vessels. Today there were 204,000 men in the sailing service and 166,000 in the steam service. Last year the earnings of this immense fleet was $400,000,000. This enormous stride of the British people was accomplished at the expense of this country. The interests of the workingmen were neglected by those who ought to guard them. This was the secret of the decrease of American shipping, in Roach's opinion.

On the question of hours of labor, Roach believed if the eight-hour system was established by the Government, it would be necessary to increase the protective tariff in order to counteract the influence of the increased cost of production. Getting down to bottom facts, Roach said the only way of benefiting the condition of labor in general was to give it a chance at the land. If the Government would give 160 acres of land to every man who would go West and cultivate it himself, there would be an easy solution to the labor question. In order to do this effectually, the Government should appropriate a certain sum for transporting emigrants to the West.

Headache and biliousness are promptly cured by the use of Ayer's Cathartic, sugar-coated Pills.

Tilden and Gould.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—On her usual trip up the Hudson, the "Atalanta" encountered the "Yosemite" with Mr. Tilden and his party aboard. Great rivalry has for some time been existing between these two yachts, and a race was begun in good earnest. For several miles the race was even, but by degrees the "Yosemite" forged ahead, and when she dropped her anchor off Greystone the "Atalanta" was several lengths behind. One of the engineers said that the boilers of the "Yosemite" were tested at 120 pounds, and during the race steam was allowed to rise to 110 pounds. Mr. Tilden enjoyed the excitement of the race, but was not aware of the risk he was running. Mr. Gould, on the other hand, will not allow a strain of more than 70 pounds on the boilers of the "Atalanta," although they are tested for 130 pounds.

The finest Vanilla comes from Mexico. The production is small and they are consequently held at a very high price. This high price induces the makers of flavoring extracts to substitute the rank, bitter tonqua. It is by the use of the finest Mexican Vanilla Bean that Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extract of Vanilla obtains its rare excellence.

Selecting Peas for Seed.

To illustrate the value of selection in gathering peas for seed, the Director of the New York Experiment Station last season gathered a small quantity of the first pods that ripened of the Tom Thumb variety and a small quantity of the latest ones. He planted 100 seeds each from the earliest and latest pods, on April 21, and the same on May 12. He notes the difference in the results of the two selections of seed to date, as follows: In vegetation of the seeds there was, in these two plantings an average difference of 14½ per cent. in favor of the earliest matured seed; in the date of blooming an average difference of three and one-half days appeared, and in the date of edible maturity an average difference of five days, all in favor of the first planting. Perhaps of more importance is the difference in productiveness of the two selections of seed. Here the first planting can only be considered. Ten plants from the earliest ripened seed have produced, to date, 68 pods, of which 38 are filled, while an equal number of plants from the latest riped seed, have procured to date, only 49 pods, of which but 13 can be called well-filled. The Tom Thumb variety was selected for this trial because the pods are formed during a longer period than in most other varieties. It is possible that in varieties of which the pods nearly all ripen at the same time the difference in the results obtainable from the first and last ripened pods would be less marked. This experiment serves, however, to illustrate the importance of selection in gathering pure seed, and shows that the inherent quality of the seed used may have as much bearing on the resulting crop as the condition of the soil, or the methods of cultivation employed.

The Sunday School.

Third Quarterly Review.

LESSON 14, SUNDAY, SEPT. 30, 1883.

Titles and Golden Texts.

1. JOSHUA, SUCCESSOR TO MOSES.

Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.—Eph. 6: 10.

2. PASSING OVER JORDAN.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.—Isa. 43: 2.

3. THE PLAINS OF JERICHO.

By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days.—Heb. 11: 30.

4. ISRAEL DEFEATED AT AI.

Be sure your sin will find you out.—Num. 32: 23.

5. THE READING OF THE LAW.

I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing.—Deut. 30: 19.

6. THE CITIES OF REFUGE.

Who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us.—Heb. 6: 18.

7. THE LAST DAYS OF JOSHUA.

Choose this day whom ye will serve.—Joshua 24: 15.

8. ISRAEL FORSAKING GOD.

And they forsook the Lord God of their fathers.—Judg. 2: 12.

9. GIDEON'S ARMY.

The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.—Judges 7: 20.

10. THE DEATH OF SAMSON.

The God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people.—Psa. 68: 35.

11. RUTH AND NAOMI.

Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.—Ruth 1: 16.

12. A PRAYING MOTHER.

I have lent him him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord.—1 Sam. 1: 28.

13. THE CHILD SAMUEL.

Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth.—1 Sam. 3: 9.

Hints for the Primary Teacher.

One valuable form of review for little children is to give them a knowledge of the individuality of Scripture characters, helping them to see what in each is worthy of being an example or a warning. This quarter presents a good opportunity, as there are not too many prominent persons to allow a distinct idea of each one. We begin with Joshua the servant of the Lord, for what people was he to be the leader? Eight of our lessons are connected with his life, his words and his death.

We began with the words of God to Joshua. Over and over the Lord said to him, and through him to the people, "I will be with thee; I will not forsake thee." "Be strong and of good courage." These were words of instruction. There was something the people were not to forsake. If they kept the words of the law, God promised they should prosper, and have success. The Lord taught them what to do, and kept all his promises to them.

Our review golden text is from the last words of Joshua when he repeated to the people all the mercies of God to them. (Joshua 23: 14.) It has all been kept for us, how they were to be obeyed, or punished when they forgot and broke his law. When you have recalled the lessons, you must tell what is the best example of obedience and faith, of worship and true service. What land were the people ready to enter? What flowed between them and the promised land? Was Joshua afraid when God told him to lead the people over it? How did they cross? What was the sign of God's presence with them? What did they set up as a memorial of his love and care? What promise has he given about passing through the waters? What promise had God made to Joshua about the flight of the enemy? What walled city was in their way? How does a golden text say the walls of Jericho fell? Why was not the little city of Ai taken just as easily? God promised to punish sin—could Achan hide from God what he had done? What was his sin? Is it any better for us to keep from God what we ought to give him?

How did Joshua teach the people all the words of the law? Was it his fault if they did not hear or remember them? Where did they have the great Bible-reading? and what one word did all the people say together? What did it mean? For what were six cities set apart? From what did a man find safety if he reached one of those cities? What were they called? When did he receive pardon? Through whom now can all who have sinned receive safety and pardon? Who is Jesus Christ called our refuge? When Joshua was an old man, what were some of his words to the people? What did he say about strange gods? Who had served such god? What did Joshua say God would do if the forsook him? What is it to forsake God? What did all the people promise? What did Joshua set up in their sight under an oak to be a witness? What is a witness? Where did he write and keep the promises the people had made; and what example did Joshua give the people of whom to choose and to serve? When their enemies were many and strong, what young man was raised up to use the sword of the Lord? How do you know that Gideon was humble? Timid? For himself, how was he strong in the Lord? How many soldiers did he have to conquer the hosts of the Midianites? Do you think Gideon's name should be in the list of brave and true leaders?

What strong man was in trouble and blind? Why was he in a prison house? and what kind of companions brought him all his trouble? Is it safe to sin? Does Samson seem to have repented, as his strength came again? Where did he pray that last prayer? What sweet example of choosing God and his people have we in the words of young woman who came to Bethlehem? and what did she say when Naomi told her to go back to her people? Can you tell her name? How did God bless her in her home and family? How did Naomi show her faith in God?

What woman poured out her soul to God as she stood near the tabernacle? For what did she pray? For what did she rejoice and sing praises when she came there again? What did she do with the child who had been asked of God? How did she honor God in the name of her child? What did she say to Eli when she brought the child Samuel to him? Was Samuel a praying child? Would a child who did not love to pray have been so ready to listen to answer when the Lord called his name? What did Samuel answer? Was Samuel as truly a servant of the Lord as Joshua was? Can little children now be servants of his? One way to serve him, is to study and remember his words of promise and instruction; to learn all we can from the examples he has given us, and the stories of the good and true and of the sinful and disobedient. Is it enough to know and remember? What else ought we to do?

As you review, get the children to answer and write on the board the names as given, the servants of the Lord, Joshua, Samson, Ruth and Naomi, Hannah and Samuel, three heroes, three pious women, one praying child. Our lessons have nearly all been to great congregations of people, or of incidents with individuals. You can delight the children by letting them recall and describe the great meetings as you ask—where and why millions stood by the Jordan in sight of the ark? How did thousands walk around Jericho? How and where did all, even the little ones join in the loud Amen! What great company was in the temple of Dagon with Samson? To Joshua alone came the word of the Lord and the Captain of the Lord's host; to Gideon alone, the order to choose and conquer; to Hannah alone, the words of the priest as she wept; to Samuel alone, the voice in the night. Are there lessons for us alike in doings of the great congregations and the story of each life? Encourage practical answers, and impress the truths they show, as you ask, How would you wish to be like Joshua? like Ruth? like Hannah? like Samuel?—*Faith Latimer in S. S. Times.*

A "Test Case" in Georgia.

ATLANTA, Sept. 14.—William Montrose, of the New York Police Gazette, was to-day convicted of distributing obscene pictures in his newspaper and sentenced to pay $1,000 or serve 12 months in the chain gang. Several weeks ago Montrose came here by order of Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the Police Gazette, to make a test case under the law passed in 1878. Fox is here, and the trial excites much interest. The presiding Judge said he would impose the full penalty, because defendant was seeking to get a foothold for his paper, which had been suppressed for five years. The case goes to the Supreme Court.

Educated housekeepers, who have tried all the Baking Powders, say that Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder agrees better with the stomach than any other made. The best test of its purity is of its being used today, as it has been for years in a million homes, and the best test as to its nicety and strength is the test of the oven.

Money in Circulation.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—Total paper circulation now outstanding, $881,757,053; total coin circulation, $743,347,573; grand total, $1,575,104,642. Assuming the population to be 52,000 000, the distribution per capita would be $30.29.

"Cured of aggravated sick headache by Dr. Benson's Celery Pills." Jas. P. Kelly, Taswell, C. H., Va.

News of the Week

Crushed in the Ice.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., Sept. 13.—The United States Greeley relief steamship "Yantic" has just anchored here. Her tidings are lamentable. No word has been received from Greeley or any of his party. The steamer "Proteus" was crushed in a floe of ice at the enterance of Smith Sound, July 23. Capt. Pike, his crew and the scientific party, are passengers by the "Yantic."

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—The Signal Officer has received the following from Lieut Garrington, commanding the Greeley Relief Expedition, dated St. Johns: "It is my painful duty to report the total failure of the expedition. The "Proteus" was crushed in a pack, in latitude 78 degrees 62 minutes, longitude 74 degrees 25 minutes, and sank on the afternoon of July 23. My party and crew of the ship all saved. Made our way across Smith Sound, and along the eastern shore to Cape York, thence across Melville Bay to Upper Navik, arriving there August 24. The "Yantic" reached Upper Navik Sept. 2, and left the same day, bringing the entire party here to-day. All well."

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—The following story of the wreck of the Arctic relief steamer "Proteus," and the journeying afterwards of the crew, is by a special correspondent of the New York Tribune: While endeavoring to force her way through to clear water the "Proteus" was caught between two immense floes; these pressing on at both sides quickly crushed in her stout walls; her hold filled with water, and it was soon evident no efforts would avail to keep her from sinking. The hatches were broken open and all hands set to work throwing clothing, provisions and other stores out of the doomed ship on the ice. The greater part of the cargo thus unloaded fell into the water and was lost, but enough was saved to insure the comfort of the party during the retreat southward, and also to make a not inconsiderable cache for the Greely party should it, as now seems inevitable, be forced to make its way southward. Lieut. Colwell, U. S. N., also succeeded most fortunately in saving the boats from wreck. As quickly as possibly Lieut. Colwell loaded one of the boats with stores, and with a crew of four men set out for shore. The trip was made with difficulty on account of ice, but by perseverance and unsparing exertions he forced a passage through. Several successive trips were thus made and a large quantity of clothing and provisions safely landed. The last trip was made the morning of July 24, and as the ice had closed in rapidly the boat and its load had to be dragged across the ice two miles before it could be launched into clear water. Even then floating masses of ice closed to rapidly and so angrily the boat escaped being stove in only by the narrowest possible chance. The goods placed in the cache were rendered as secure as possible, and the spot marked so as to be readily discovered by the party from Fort Conger. Having thus done all in their power to carry out the design of the expedition, the party on the afternoon of July 25 set out to cross Smith Sound, and after spending a weary night amid ice landed safely on the morning of the 26th at a cove near Lifeboat Cove. The crew of the "Proteus" had gone on to Lifeboat Cove in their own boats in advance of the smaller relief party, and now on the latter's safe landing on the east shore of the sound, all started forward again for Pandora Harbor, which they reached on the following morning. The journey during the night was most unpleasant, a hard rain storm prevailing all the time. Thinking either the "Yantic" or the Sweedish steamer "Sophia" might be at Cape York, the party next directed their way thither. The coast was hugged closely as possibly all the way, the boats being too heavily laden to venture far from shore. Every night landing was made for the sake of safety, and further delay was caused by several days' bad weather during which it was impossible to make any progress. The ice was troublesome, and August 7 the party was passing Conical Rock. The boats had to be hauled upon a floe to avoid total destruction. After waiting an hour the ice opened sufficiently to allow the boats to be launched again, but ice continued to block the way so much the boats had most of the time to be pushed and dragged along by the crews, who found footing on the ice alongside.

Cape York was at last reached without serious accident, but there was no sign there of any vessel. August 16, the weary voyagers set out again for the south, making Apernoock their next objective point. Lieut. Colwell with one boat set out, holding across Melville Bay, intending to keep a direct course southward until he could find the "Yantic," but Lieut. Garrington, with the other boat and crew of the "Proteus," chose to move in a circuitous but safe route along shore. A heavy snow storm set in August 17, which was ridden out by the boats at anchor in the ice. The storm was severe, and many of the icebergs overturned, so the party had to change anchorage several times.

Upernavik was reached August 24, and there the "Yantic" picked up the ship-wrecked men and brought them on to St. Johns.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—Nothing, it is thought, can be done to rescue the unfortunate men this Fall. Their lives are now in their own hands, and their failure depends almost entirely upon their own skill and judgment, and upon the chances of wind and ice. The next information in regard to them is likely to come from Upernoak or from the Eskimos of the Greenland coast, between the mouth of Smith Sound and Cape York.

Sec. Lincoln said the question of how best to get relief to the Greeley party had been discussed at the Department. He, however, had little hope anything could be done this year.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is highly concentrated and the most economical blood purifier that can be used.

Indian Talk.

MISSOULA, Mont., Sept. 12.—Sen. Vest and Delegate Maginnis, of the Commissioners, returned to-day from St. Mary's Mission, Bitter Valley, at the Flathead Agency. The Indians refused to sell any part of their reserve or to move to another reservation. They say they have no grievances. They were highly pleased with their agent, Ronan, and all they desired was to keep whisky away from their young men. The Pend Oreille and Kotedai chiefs endorsed the above. St. Ignatius' Mission schools, also, and the reservation were visited by the Commission. The schools are well conducted by Sisters of Charity and priests. About 50 Indian girls and the same number of boys are being educated and show remarkable proficiency in the different classes. Sen. Vest spoke highly of the teachers and pupils.

The council at St. Mary's Mission yesterday was rather dramatic. Chartas, a Flathead Chief, with a few hundred Indians, steadily refused to go on a reservation. The Indians cultivated a few ranches, but are steadily growing poorer, and the valley is thickly settled by whites. The reservation Indians and whites want the Indians removed to the reservation to avoid anticipated trouble. In the council Messrs. Vest and Maginnis sat opposite the Chief. Through an interpreter Mr. Vest explained his mission. Chartas, who is a noted brave, gazed defiantly at Mr. Vest a moment, and then began his reply.

"We are only a few. We are poor and weak. You want to place your foot upon our necks, and grind our faces in the dust. But I will not go. I will go to the plains."

"Nez Perces Joseph tried to go to the plains," broke in Mr. Vest. "Shut look; there are no plains now. The white men are as thick as leaves from ocean to ocean. If you do not get a title to your lands like white men, the soldiers will come soon and place you upon the reservation."

"My hands and those of my people are free from white man's blood," said Chartas. "When the Nez Perces came here we protected the whites. Why does the white man take his heart from us?"

Then he took off his hat, threw it upon the floor, stamped on it, and with blazing eyes gazed upon Mr. Vest, and shouted: "You may take Chartas to the reservation, but there will be no breath in his nostril. Chartas will be dead. He will never go there alive."

Sen. Vest answered the tawny chieftain, in language as emphatic as his own, that he must obey the white man's law as implicity as did the white man himself. If he did not he must go where the Government chooses to send him. Before the council broke up, Chartas agreed to go to Washington with Agent Ronan, and talk the matter over with the Great Father. The Commission leave to-night for Helena and Blackfoot Agencies, thence to Fort Assiniboine to meet the Northern tribes.

A Voice from the Northwest.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The *Daily Sentinel*, which is the leading morning paper of this State, writes. "St. Jacobs Oil, the wonderful remedy for rheumatism, has been used by a large number of people in this City, and with effect truly marvelous."

One million Prize Puzzles are being gratuitously distributed throughout the United States by the Van Stan's Stratena Co., Limited, of Philadelphia (Manufacturers of the celebrated cement), who offer One Hundred Dollars in Prizes for correct solution. All druggists, grocers, stationers or newsdealers have the puzzle, or can get it for you without charge.

Mormonism.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 11.—The Mormon missionaries who have been frequently heard of about the State during the past year have reached Minneapolis in their wanderings, and here opened a series of meetings for the promulgation of their faith in Market Hall. There are 13 elders of the Mormon Church in the party. Two others are engaged on this Northwest mission, but they are at work in Dakota, and will not be here to preach at all. Work has been going on for the past three years in Minnesota under the charge of Elder W. Palmer, who has the direction of the mission throughout the Northwest. In a conversation with a reporter he outlined the situation as follows:

"We are meeting with fair success in our labor. Prejudice is giving way before our teaching everywhere. Those who listen are converted, and faith in the true religion is increasing. We have made 10 converts in this State in the past five months—one woman and nine men, mostly in Stearns and Brown Counties. As a general rule rather more women than men accept the doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints. What that gospel is I personally know well, for I was born into the faith during the exodus from Nauvoo to Salt Lake, and since I grew to manhood have preached it constantly. We simply ask all men to believe in the gospel as laid down in the New Testament by Jesus Christ. Our articles of faith as used in the church contain nothing but this gospel. We believe sincerely in the doctrine and practice of polygamy, but we do not preach it on missionary tours. It is against our orders received at starting. Polygamy is a very advanced principle, and we can not teach it until we have laid the proper ground work of faith. The people must first understand the lesser laws before they can comprehend the greater and higher. We positively assert that the Bible declares in favor of polygamy, and that there is not one passage of Scripture against it from Genesis to Revelation. Marriage, either monogamous or polygamous, is an ordinance of the Mormon Church, and exclusively under its control. A man must prove himself worthy of that blessing before he can receive it. He must be one whom his Bishop can recommend as an honest, upright and just man before he can take either one wife or more, and if he is about to enter into a polygamous marriage he must have the consent of his previous wives. The Bishop's recommendntion must be indorsed by the President of the State where the candidate resides, and then it is forwarded to the President of the Church, John Taylor, who, we claim, will know by revelation from on high if it be fraudulent. Both men and women go through this same form, and can contract polygamous marriages only in this way.

"We regard the Edmunds law as unconstitutional, and believe it will be of no avail in putting down polygamy. Under Mormon Government the Territory has prospered. We defy the Liberals—the party opposed to Mormonism—the roughest and lowest of the Gentiles, to show one instance in which their principles has benefited the Territory. Before they came among us there was not a house of prostitution in the Territory or a licensed saloon. Thanks to our Mormon Government, Utah is out of debt, and most of the Counties are in the same condition. Taxes are

News of the Week

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

SAN ANTONIO, Sept. 11.—M. D. Ward, cotton dealer of the San Antonio Express, to-day was in a bar-room at Hondo City, talking with Robert W. Fly, son of Mayor Fly, a wealthy mine owner of Mexico. Suddenly, without a word of warning, Ward jerked out a pistol and shot Fly, killing him instantly. Just beyond the door he was halted by the Sheriff and is now in jail.

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.—There was an accident this evening on the Long Island Railroad near the Hunter's Point depot. Two men were killed and eight injured. The Flushing train, leaving Hunter's Point when at Montauk Junction, about one-eighth of a mile from the depot, was run into by a Manhattan Beach train, due at Hunter's Point at 6:15. The latter train was several minutes behind time. The engineer should have stopped east of the Junction until the Flushing train passed. The two locomotives came together near the switch. The Flushing train consisted of four passenger coaches and a combination car, each of which was full of passengers; none of these were injured. The engine and tender, however, were badly broken up. The engineer of the Flushing train, Ernest Kretzner, remained at his post, backing down his train, and received slight injuries. The Manhattan Beach train was of seven ordinary cars and one parlor-car, the latter next the engine at the time of the collision. This train was running at the rate of 35 miles an hour.

The engine was not greatly damaged, but the perlor-car was telescoped by the car behind. All the cars were crowded, many persons standing on the platforms. Most of the occupants of the parlor-car, being warned by the "hissing" of escaping air from the air-brakes, escaped from the car by the doors and windows. The car was apparently broke in two about the middle, and the platform of the car behind crashed through about the same distance. All the chairs in the back part of the car were smashed and piled one on top of the other.

Wedged in between the platform of the second car and the floor of the parlor-car were, on one side Thomas Birmingham and on the other Robert Smith. It was found necessary to cut away the panelling and woodwork to get the men out. Their legs were so crushed that amputation was necessary. The men died very soon after the operation. The injured, so far as ascertained, are: Thomas Glenn, engineer, cut about the head and shoulders; M. Norris, one leg cut off; Geo. Wright, severe cuts on face and lips; Lawrence, cut on the head; Leslie E. Shawson, cut and bruised about the head and body; W. Connor, cut on the head and body; Vernon Bailey, large splinter in the leg; Rant, cut on the head.

BOSTON, Sept. 11.—At Dedham, the jury in the Superior Court returned a verdict of guilty against the so-called Rentham Mormons. Jackson L. Evans was sentenced to three years in the House of Correction, and the sentences of Catherine Cobb and C. Whitney were reserved to allow an investigation of notice by the practice of immorality in the name of spiritual power and license.

SCRANTON, PA., Sept. 11.—Albert Williams, a young nabber employed at Wilkesbarre, has been spending a vacation with his parents in Pine Brook, a part of this city, and intended returning to work to-day; but early this morning, as he and his sister were romping together through the house at noon, and, while they were so engaged, the young man picked up a revolver to put it in his satchel, which was lying on a chair. While he was bending over the satchel the weapon was accidentally discharged. The ball struck Miss Williams in the side and made a fatal penetration of the brain. The girl immediately lost consciousness, and can not live. Her brother was committed to prison, and will have a hearing to-morrow.

ATLANTA, Ga., Sept. 11.—Saturday evening a fine Maltese cat strayed into the store of Mr. Ellis, on Houston street, and made itself quite at home, and was fondled by Mr. Ellis with a high degree of pleasure, as he needed a rat exterminator. He locked the cat up in the store, where it remained until Monday morning. The cat followed Mr. Ellis to his house, and while he was making a change of clothing it purred against his leg affectionately. Becoming too demonstrative, Mr. Ellis pushed it out into the yard, and, returning later, while Mrs. Ellis opened the door, when the cat rushed in and, seizing Mr. Ellis by the big toe, held on tenaciously and only let go when pulled off, scraping off all the flesh of the toe. As the cat was run out it seized Miss Winnie Ellis by the calf of the leg, biting out a mouthful of flesh. It then run out where stood a 6-year-old child, whom it threw down and lacerated in a frightful manner before it was driven off, when it ran under the house and spit defiance at its pursuers. A shotgun was called into requisition, when the animal was shot to death. The child is dying from laceration, while Mr. Ellis and daughter are not only in great pain but suffering the horrors of probable hydrophobia.

MUSKEGON, Sept. 11.—This afternoon the body of a man was found near the Central Wharf, which has been recognized as that of Alex. Grant, of Chicago, a former commission merchant on South Water street. He left home August 31, while suffering from mental aberration, caused by opium, unknown to his friends. He stayed at the Occidental Hotel here till September 6, when it is supposed he threw himself into the lake, as that was the last seen of him. He wrote his wife at that time, making threats of suicide. In his pocketbook was written, "If found return to Alex. Grant, 1315 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago." His wife is a daughter of Hon. D. L. Whittier, arrived last night. After making inquiries they left again at noon for Chicago, two hours before finding the body. A dispatch was sent to in except them at St. Joe, and they will probably turn back and reach here to-night. Grant was 45 years of age. He leaves a wife and two children.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 11.—At Grapeville, Pa., James Dana, an Italian, while attempting to steal potatoes from a garden patch, was stabbed with bullets, then dragged to a railroad crossing and laid on the track, where he was discovered later. Pune is still alive, but physicians pronounce his wounds fatal. Farmers have been annoyed by parties committing depredations, and last night lay in ambush, with the above results. No arrests.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 12.—The mystery surrounding the case of Peter Kohebeck, coachman for a family on 12th street, who was killed Saturday night on the premises of his employer, was cleared up to-day by the arrest of Nick, Roderman, a cattle dealer, who confessed to having fired the fatal shot. The arrest was made because he was seen in Kohebeck's company on Saturday afternoon. Roderman says they had a dispute over a trivial matter and he shot him.

GALVESTON, Sept. 13.—At Trinity, yesterday, Maj. H. B. Hurlock, a large mill owner, and a son of W. H. Hurlock, 22 years old, were fatally shot by a man named Roseman, one of their employes, aged 23. Roseman was seriously shot by a mob and secured. After his capture Maj. Hurlock, though perforated with bullets, lent and cursed Roseman until bystanders interfered.

Near Lovelady, Texas, Thos. Smith went to a church where a religious meeting was in progress. He was slightly intoxicated and stepped on the toes of one Brown, the clergyman's son. A few words passed, but the matter dropped until after services, when it was again taken up. Smith was stabbed and instantly killed by Brown's father and a son of Rev. B. D. Brown, his father, are supposed to be implicated, and will be arrested.

DUNBAR, Sept. 12.—Alexander Klink, residing near Elk Rock, in Dunbar Township, had two valuable cows. On Sunday they strayed away, and yesterday were found in a neighbor's turnip patch so cut and hacked with knives and axes that the owner could do nothing else but kill them to put them out of misery. It was a most diabolical case of cruelty to animals. The owner is not without suspicion and will ferret the matter out.

READING, Pa., Sept. 14.—A dispatch from Hazleton says a fearful riot took place there this afternoon, in which a coal miner and a lumber Lehigh. A number of miners were discharged and they threatened to destroy the Company's property. The Constabulary were called out and a terrible fight with pistols occurred. A woman named Harding was struck by a ball and instantly killed. A young girl of six years was also instantly killed. Police Captain Hines was shot through the hand. Nine miners were arrested, and 11 revolvers found on their persons. A number of men were slightly wounded. Several officers were badly hurt in making the final charge in capturing the rioters. One of the miners took refuge in his house and fired at the officers. They returned the fire and rallied and captured their man. Finally quiet was restored.

WABASH, Ind., Sept. 14.—About two months ago it was discovered that one D. I. Brady, of this City, had forged a half dozen notes on various parties in this County in amounts reaching from $25 to $300. Before he could be arrested Brady left for unknown parts, and the officers have been on the lookout for him ever since. Prosecutor Good learned that Brady had been arrested by Sheriff Walters, of this County, went to Logansport and brought back his man. He is now in jail awaiting the action of the Court.

RICHMOND, Va., Sept. 14.—Barbara Miller, colored, was hanged here to-day for complicity in the murder of her husband in February last. Charles Henry Lee, her accomplice, was hanged the 3d of last month.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 14.—A. H. Skinner, Postmaster of Windsor, Ashtabula County, recently traded $3 worth of stamps for corn. He was arrested yesterday, pleaded guilty, and bound over to the District Court for trial. His scheme was to get his salary increased by showing a large sale of stamps.

ASHLAND, Pa., Sept. 14.—Wm. Runyan, a farmer, and wife were found dead in bed at their residence, Millville, Columbia County, with their throats cut from ear to ear. They had apparently been dead about a week. Some neigtbors believe Runyan killed his wife and then himself. Others are of the opinion that the couple were murdered by a party of tramps. A knife was found in the bed. There were no signs of a struggle having taken place. The couple had lived happily together. Runyan was 25 years old, his wife 20.

VINCENNES, IND., Sept. 14.—Alex. Gardner, the Constable of Johnson Township, this County, took his 10-year-old son, Enoch, and strung him up in the stable with a halter, and then beat the child brutally with a big whip. The child is in a very critical condition, and the people of Johnson Township will have Gardner prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. He has already been arrested.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 15.—Frank Adleman, for a number of years book-keeper for the Genesee Brewing Company, and John Stapack, ex-Collector, have been arrested for defrauding the company out of about $30,000. Adleman confessed he was fleeing from the City when remorse caused him to return.

WHEELING, Sept. 14.—A bloody shooting affray occurred at the house of a Mrs. Jennings, on Seventeenth street, in which William T. Emblen received three balls, one in the right shoulder, one in the left elbow and one in the left wrist, and Mrs. Jennings sustained a shot in the throat, the bullet entering under the chin and lodging near the base of the brain, inflicting a horrible wound. The shooting was done by "Maje" Baldwin, a well known sporting-man; the attendant circumstances seem to be that Emblen's wife went to Mrs. Jennings' house where she met Baldwin by appointment. Emblen has for some time suspected that his wife was on too intimate terms with Baldwin, and learning, on reaching his house at 6 o'clock, that Mrs. Emblen was at Jennings', he repaired thither. Entering the house by the rear he seized a heavy poker in the kitchen, passed on into a bedroom, where he found Baldwin and his wife together with Mrs. Jennings. He at once rushed at the former and knocked him down with the poker, when Baldwin drew his pistol and fired five shots with the result stated. Mrs. Jennings' wound is very serious and may result in her death. Baldwin is a bad character, having already served two terms in the penitentiary for homicide.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 14.—Mr. J. H. Brown, Postoffice Inspector for the Cincinnati Postoffice, received official information to-day that the postoffice of Junction City, Perry County, Ohio, had been burglarized last night and its safe robbed of all its postal notes, numbered consecutively from 7 to 500. This was one book, from which the first six postal notes had been issued. The thief also took the punch and the office stamp, constituting the entire equipment for issuing postal notes. Inspector Brown desires to notify the public against receiving, and Postmasters against redeeming any postal notes issued from Junction City, Ohio, of the above described numbers, until further advised.

JACKSON C. H., O., Sept. 14.—Milton C. Keenan, Treasurer of Jackson County, has disappeared. He went away on the 5th inst., to be back on Saturday. He is known to have gone to Cincinnati, but cannot be traced further. On September 4 the County Commissioners counted the funds in his possession, and found them all right. Soon after they caused the safe to be opened, and found him a defaulter in not less than $8,000. He is married and has a family, but is believed to have eloped with a young girl.

DAYTON, Sept. 14.—Mr. C. C. Johnson, of May street, fell in an epileptic fit while descending a flight of cellar steps with a lighted lamp in one hand and a tub in his hands, at 5 o'clock this morning. His remains, horribly burned and still smouldering, were found by his wife and daughter two hours later. He had fallen on his face with the lamp under him. He is supposed to have been dead before the roasting process began.

CARROLLTON, Mo., Sept. 14.—Joseph Metzler and Henry Thomas were locked up together in the jail in this city, both being drunk. Soon after Thomas jumped on Metzler, and from the appearance of his victim this morning only desisted from his murderous and bloody work when he thought Metzler was dead. Besides pounding and kicking the old German on the body, head and face, the brute chewed off two ears and the nose of the latter, in which condition he was found this morning when taken out Thomas' mouth and teeth were still bloody from his revolting feast. Metzler's appearance was sickening, and the doctors are in doubt as to his recovery. Thomas was fined $10 and costs by the City authorities and then arrested at the instance of the County Attorney, charged with mayhem. He is now in the County Jail awaiting the result of Metzler's injuries.

ALBANY, Sept 15.—Rev. Albert F. Vedder, pastor of the M. E. Church at West Milton, Saratoga County, was arrested today as principal and Dr. James A. Patterson, of this City, as accessory to the crime of abortion. The complainant is Anna Walter, daughter of Silas Walter, a farmer of West Milton. It is alleged that Patterson performed the operation at the request of Vedder, and was partially successful. The woman was dangerously ill, but recovered sufficiently to come here and make complaint. Vedder was arrested as he was about to enter the church at Kingston, where he was to preach. He brought to this City and sent to jail. Both deny the charge.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 15.—Last night Richard Brown, wife and five children, while at supper, ate heartily of canned corn beef, and about an hour later all were attacked with violent pains in the stomach, accompanied with nausea and vomiting. A physician was called in, who pronounced the symptoms those of poisoning. Wesley Brown, aged 17, grew rapidly worse and died at 3 o'clock this morning. The other members of the family are all in a serious condition, but it is thought will recover. The Coroner is holding an inquest.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 14.—A case of leprosy was brought here on the last steamer from Honolulu. The subject is named Marie Nicolas. She is a native of the Islands, of French descent. The quarantine officer refused her permission to land. A writ of habeas corpus was issued, and the case will come up in the Superior Court to-morrow.

FORT MONROE, Sept. 15.—Judge Mayo, who committed suicide aboard the Baltimore steamer this morning, related his trouble to an Episcopal clergyman of Norfolk, who came from Baltimore with him. He said when elected Judge he did not agree politically with his sons, prominent Readjusters. He was told politics would not interfere with his duties on the bench. Recently he had been urged to make a removal and appointment which afterward appeared, in his opinion, a violation of the law. His political situation irritated him and he said he felt like ending his troubles by blowing out his brains. He is widely connected and an uncle of Commodore Mayo, U. S. N.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Sept. 16.—Gov. Sherman and Gen. M. B. Prentiss had appointments here Saturday night to address a Republican meeting. Gov. Sherman was stopping at the Pacific House, and he accidentally fell on the stairway, and was severely wounded about the head, so much so that he was unable to attend the meeting. Gen. Prentiss filled his appointment.

LIMA, O., Sept. 17.—Charley Jones, a colored porter in the Lima House billiard saloon, was stabbed in the saloon early yesterday morning and killed. The perpetrator is unknown. "Dutch Charley" has been arrested on suspicion.

ASHLAND, O., Sept. 17.—Early this morning a freight train ran into another freight, smashing the locomotive and telescoping the caboose, demolishing a car, and killing a lot of fine blooded cattle just from Scotland, and on their way to Kansas.

CHEYENNE, Sept. 18.—Harry Mosher, the man who so brutally attacked his companions in a wagon a few nights ago, killing Wenzel and wounding Knight, was taken from jail here last night by masked men and hanged to a telegraph pole in the heart of the City.

MINOR MENTION.

Dr. Stintzing, the eminent professor of jurisprudence in the university of Bonne, was killed recently while climbing the Alps.

Emmett O'Neal, defaulter, of Schenectady, N. Y., pleaded guilty to a charge of forgery and was sentenced to 10 years in the State prison.

Minnie Smith, aged 25 years, on Blackwell's Island, jumped from the upper tier to the prison to the ground floor, and was instantly killed.

Card Dull, who killed Henry Bass at Paris, O., was captured at Bucyrus and taken to Canton. The murder was the result of a quarrel between the men.

At Appleton, Wis., Frank Compos's house burned. One child died from the effects of burns received, and Compos's wife and another child are at the point of death.

During a game of base ball at Wabash Ind., Chas. McConnell, second baseman of the Wabash Manchester nine, was run into by Warren Ring, of the Wabash club, and fatally injured.

There are at present 13 murderers in prison in San Francisco awaiting punishment. One has been waiting three years, notwithstanding the fact that the murder he was charged with was conclusively proven.

Three men entered the house of Washington Odell, near Ridgeway, Va., shot Odell and threatened to kill his wife if she did not give up the money. She refused, and the men forcibly took $2,000.

A painter named A. Covalt, engaged in painting the wall at the foot of the Highland House inclined plane, Cincinnati, was crushed to death by the descending car. He had been warned, but thought he was not in danger.

Rev. John Bueler, a colored Baptist of Wyandotte, Kan., suddenly stopped in his sermon and placed his face on the open Bible. After some minutes had elapsed a deacon went to the pulpit and found the clergyman dead.

Dr. H. Webster, a prominent Chicago physician, has left a family and a practice paying him $30,000 a year, and gone off with Mrs. Rudolpa Bigelow, who was formerly of some little literary repute as Marion Beatrice Dean.

At Pittsburg, the balloon in which Prof. G. A. Warner has been making ascensions collapsed when 8,000 feet above terra firma. Warner was enabled to get a firm hold of the ropes, and the balloon came down so slowly as to land him uninjured.

"Dutch" Shannon was one of a party of young men, at Lancastor, Ohio, who climbed a bluff above a colored camp-meeting and mocked the proceedings. He lost his balance, fell 300 feet, and met his death on the jagged rocks.

During a dance in Pierce County, La., Friday night, two of the belles were rival dancers, and the contest raged with such earnestness that Miss Rosie Wilson stabbed her competitor, Miss Addie Smith to the heart, as they passed in the whirl of the waltz.

James Tomlinson, a brakeman, was run over at Wauseon and badly crushed. The doctors say that it is impossible for him to live. He was in the act of coupling cars and caught his foot in a frog, and before he could extricate himself the train backed over him.

On a prairie three miles from Cheyenne, James Knight, a freighter, and two men, H. Moore and J. Wensel, slept in Knight's wagon. About daylight Moore arose, struck Knight with an ax, fatally wounding him, and then fatally wounded Wensel. Moore escaped.

William Dawson, of Crawford County, Ohio, attempted to commit suicide Wednesday morning by cutting his throat. He is about 49 years of age, and labored under a temporary aberration of the mind when the deed was committed. He will hardly recover from the wounds.

A woman named Giroux, of East Templeton, locked her children, aged four and two, in the house, while she went to milk the cow. Returning shortly after, she found the house on fire and ingress impossible. The building was soon in ashes. Not the slightest trace of the children was found.

A dental swindler has for some time been successfully operating in Peoria and Montgomery Counties, Illinois. He calls at farm-houses and extracts teeth free for new sets. On his second visit he does further preliminary work, secures half the amount charged for the plate, and is seen no more.

John McConnell was the victim of a shocking accident on the Pittsburg & Western Railroad, near Hazel Dell. In attempting to board a train which was in motion, but which, in the dark, he thought was standing, he was struck by a car, knocked down and run over. He was terribly mashed and died early next morning.

A party of three or four men went to the house of Steve Sosser, a colored farmer near Arlington, Ga., Saturday night, set fire to the stables, cotton-house and corn-crib, completely destroying the buildings, 100 bushels of corn, two bales of cotton and several hogs. Sosser was shot two months ago for being too intimate with a white woman, and was warned to leave the vicinity.

At Evansville, Ind., Charles Schafer, a coffin-varnisher, inflicted a fatal wound with a pistol on his wife. Both were out on a spree, and the woman became quite intoxicated. Schafer drew a pistol. His wife attempted to obtain it. In the quarrel the pistol exploded. He gave himself up to the police, but while under arrest was assaulted by the woman's brother, Andy Rieber, who cut him in such a manner that it is doubtful if he will recover. Mrs. Schafer died. Schafer says he did not intend to kill his wife, but only to intimidate her. He was assaulted by Rieber while under police protection, and is now suffering from a knife wound in the region of the heart.

The Baltimore Oriole.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 13.—After two days' steady rain, which ceased last night, filling the streets with mud and drenching the decorations, the reception of Lord Baltimore and the attendant parade of military, which was to have taken place Tuesday night, came off to-night. The steamer convoying Lord Baltimore and suite arrived at the wharf at half-past eight, and were welcomed by the screaming of whistles from a hundred tugs. After the line of procession had been formed, it marched in five divisions up Broadway to Baltimore street, to Guy, to Fayette, to Holliday, to the front of the City Hall, where it was reviewed by Mayor White and other prominent persons. At the City Hall Lord Baltimore received the keys of the city. The march then continued through Lexington, North Baltimore and Eutaw streets, to the Academy of Music, where Lord Baltimore alighted and from the Academy reviewed the column, after which it was dismissed. The procession of the Mystic Pageant takes place to-morrow night.

Sen. Sharon's Scrape.

CHICAGO, Sept. 14.—Senator Sharon, of Nevada, is in the city. In relation to his arrest in San Francisco just as he was about starting East, at the instance of a woman, who claimed that he owed her money, he said it was purely a matter of blackmail, instituted by an ex-Australian convict, who scribbles for a low publication in San Francisco, out of revenge because he caused this woman to be ejected from the Palace Hotel. He avers that he never borrowed money from her, and says he will fight the case through to the end.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 16.—Mr. Nelson, acting as attorney for Miss Aggie Hill, in the suit against Sen. Sharon for adultery, produced several written statements published to-day in the Chronicle setting forth a contract of marriage between Sharon and Miss Hill, dated August 25, 1880. Also a letter dated from the Senate Chamber, Washington, in which he advised her as his loyal wife. Miss Hill claims that the marriage contract was written in accordance with a provision of the civil code of the State.

Man and Bear in a Death-Grapple.

DETROIT, Sept. 17.—The body of a man has been found in the woods, eight miles from Cheboygan, and identified as Frank Devereaux, a homesteader who lived near that locality. The surroundings show that he was killed in a bear-fight which resulted fatally for both, as the animal's body was found near that of the dead man. Deverreaux's body was in a sitting posture, braced against a log, where he had evidently placed himself after the combat with the beast. Evidences of the terrible struggle are plainly visible all about, but those on the body are most prominent. His left side, cheek and legs had been gnawed to the bone, one shoulder dislocated, an eye gouged out, the stomach almost torn open, and marks of the bear's claws discernible on various parts of the body. The bear had been shot through the shoulder, and aggravated by his wounds, a terrible struggle evidently ensued.

Paul Vandervoort.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 18.—A prominent member of the G. A. R. has received a letter from Paul Vandervoort, ex-Commander-in-Chief G. A. R., in which the recent action of Postmaster-General Gresham in removing him from service is reviewed at length. Vandervoort admits he was absent from duty 265 days the last fiscal year, but says this was by permission of Postmaster-Generals Howe and Gresham. Under Howe his pay went on, but since Gresham came into power he had only been paid for the time he was on duty.

Treasury Statement.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—The statement of the United States Treasury shows gold, silver and United States notes in the Treasury to-day as follows:

Gold coin and bullion	$304,521,334
Silver dollars and bullion	118,927,337
Fractional silver coin	27,497,772
United States notes	54,172,592
Total	$405,119,035
Certificates outstanding—gold	55,097,930
Silver	76,568,861
Currency	12,125,000

Cowboys Removed.

DENVER, Sept. 18.—Last Friday, in a running fight in Ute Creek between a store keeper named Don McEdonig Aragon and five cowboys, Aragon killed and wounded three, and died himself soon afterwards from wounds.

DEADWOOD, Sept. 18.—In a fight last Friday at Little Missouri over a game of cards, J. A. Prudens, mail carrier, and Jack Harris, his stock tender, killed one cow boy and mortally wounded another.

New Hampshire Legislature.

CONCORD, Sept. 15.—The session of the Legislature which closes this morning is the longest ever had in the State. The members each receive 102 days' pay. It will require upwards of $100,000 to settle their per diem. Nearly 375 bills and joint-resolutions were passed.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

At Havana 18 deaths from yellow fever occurred during the week.

Judge Hoadly will perhaps be able to return to Ohio within a week.

The Chicago Central Elevated Railway is incorporated with a capital of $6,000,000.

Coal operators at Akron, O., conceded the 10 cents advance asked, and the miners have resumed work.

An incendiary fire at Spring City, Tenn., destroyed the Rhea Springs Now's building and four others. Loss, $15,000.

Pilots on the Pensacola bar make affidavit that yellow fever was not introduced into the Navy Yard through their negligence.

In the Town of Carey, Ill., on the Vandalia Railroad, Saturday, a dozen business houses burned. Loss, $30,000; insurance $20,000.

Some of the Massachusetts cloth mills have stopped on account of low water. A great number of operatives are thrown out of work.

Disastrous floods are prevailing in the district of Taranto, Italy. Many lives have been lost and a large number of cattle swept away.

The value of exports of petroleum products for the seven months ended July 31, 1883, was $26,688,345, against $27,247,416 for the same time in 1882.

The First Corps of the Army of the Potomac contemplate making an excursion to the battle-fields of Bull Run and Antietam, leaving Washington Oct. 15.

Rev. Father Riordan, of St. James Catholic Church, Chicago, recently appointed Coadjutor to Bishop Allemany, of San Francisco, was consecrated Sunday.

Wm. Rockafeller's team, "Clara" and "Independence," driven by J. P. Gilbert, trotted at Charter Oak Park, Saturday, to beat 2:18, on a private wager. The mile was made in 2:17.

The Canadian Department of the Interior knows nothing officially of the report of United States soldiers invading Canadian territory and kidnapping deserters from the American army.

Mitchell will fight the "Prussian" for $1,000 a side. Sullivan refuses to meet the "Prussian" until after his sparring tour is completed. He will then fight him privately for $1,000 a side.

Postmaster General Gresham has issued an order confirming an order of Postmaster General Key regarding mail sent to a New Orleans lottery company, and extending it to include all postoffices in the country.

Attorney-General Hollingsworth is of the opinion that retail druggists who sell distilled liquors, although they "know them to be for medicinal use and not to be drank on the premises," are liable for the Scott law tax.

The Spanish legation at Washington has informed the Government that there is a Spanish exile in Cuba making preparations for a rising of colored people who are reported to be discontented. The plot, however, is destined to fail.

Colored Episcopal clergymen at New York heard addresses yesterday advocating industrial schools for girls in Southern Cities, and Committees were appointed on statistics and on advancing work for colored women in the South.

Gen. H. J. Hunt, commanding the Department of the South, has been placed upon the retired list of the army, having reached 64 years of age. He was instructed to turn over his command to Gen. Hancock, who will assume command temporarily.

The Alta California, the first newspaper established in San Francisco, has been purchased by ex-Lieut. Gov. Johnson, who will change it to a Democratic paper. It is said the paper will be the nomination of Judge Field for the Presidency.

At the Trades Union Congress in Birmingham, the English Government was called upon to declare all waste land Government property in order that it may be put under productive cultivation, and a check be thus offered to excessive emigration.

In reply to the challenge of Peter H. Conley, of Portland, to row Wallace Ross five miles for $500 a side, the latter announces that he will accept the condition that Richard K. Fox be final stakeholder, having the naming of the water and the appointment of a referee.

The peanut crop is a perfect failure throughout Virginia. It is not believed that more than one-fourth of a crop will be made, and in some sections not enough will be raised for seed next year. The loss is estimated at $300,000. The failure of the crop is owing to the drouth.

Ernest Bowman, 19, and Alice Brennan, 16, of Elkhart, Ind., were married at Niles, Mich., Wednesday, and returned home for forgiveness all 'round. Instead of which, the elder remains took the girl's wedding from her so that her happy husband could take the start in life at the beginning.

The disturbance on the Banat frontier of Hungary is subsiding. Kemiz, the well-known agitator, is among the persons arrested in connection with the disturbance. A conflict between the military and people has taken place at Kastamiczo, in Croatia, many persons being killed and wounded.

Harry Kurtz, one of the popular business men of Easton, Pa., was to have been married Wednesday night to a daughter of Judge Longaker, of Allentown, but went insane Tuesday. Over 500 invitations had been sent out to what was expected to have been a brilliant event in Pennsylvanian society.

Capt. Delannay, a French infantry officer, predicted four years ago that there would be an earthquake in Java, giving the date two days within its actual occurrence. He predicts worse disaster in 1886. The Academy of Science discussing the prediction decided it merely an extraordinary coincidence.

Rev. John McGuire, of Brooklyn, has sued the New York Herald for $50,000 damages for libel. The Herald alleged he had refused to administer the last rites of the church to a parishioner until he had signed a paper for an amount of money he had promised to give the church.

Mr Wallace, United States Minister, has notified the Porte that he is willing to accept a new license law, provided Americans be placed on an equal footing with the subjects of other nations. The Porte replied it has no intentions to make any discrimination whatever on account of nationality. The question, therefore, is considered settled.

There live in North Haven, Conn., within a distance of three-quarters of a mile, six widows whose combined ages amount to 542 years, an average of 90¼ years apiece. They are all natives of the neighborhood, in independent pecuniary circumstances, and retain their mental faculties, together with remarkable strength and health for their advanced years.

Lieut. Garlington, who commanded the relief party from the "Proteus," will ask a court of inquiry. A prominent army officers says the failure of the expedition shows how unsuited are cavalry officers and soldiers for that sort of work. Men for such an expedition should have been selected from New England sailors and the command given to the navy.

The Postoffice Department on Saturday began the distribution of the new two-cent stamps, and the requisition upon the contractors was the largest in number, pieces and value ever issued in one day. The order was for 37,879,830 postage stamps, 7,131,950 stamped envelopes (most of these being of the two-cent denomination), and 5,983,000 postal cards. The aggregate value of the articles ordered was $850,000.

Hon. Joseph B. Marsh died at Newburyport, Mass., Sunday, of apoplexy, aged 75 years. He was editor of the New York Herald for 21 years, afterwards of the Boston Traveler and Courier, and had a high reputation as a journalist. He was largely engaged in shipping and manufacturing, had been a member of the City Government several times, representative to the General Court, member of the Constitutional Convention of 1853, and Democratic candidate for Congress.

A London dispatch says: "A number of important witnesses in the case of O'Donnell, who killed Carey, are already in London. Mrs. Carey and family will arrive in a fortnight. Jenkins and Gosling, of the Detective Department, a number of Irish detectives and several witnesses from America are now here. English detectives, just returned from America, have in their possession valuable information concerning the extent of the Fenian conspiracy. It is estimated that the real name of informer Norman is Gibney."

A large number of Government records were lost in the fire by which the Olympia, W. T., Land Office was destroyed. Over 100,000 pages of records belonging to the Surveyor General's office, and a large number of plates were consumed. The original papers or certified copies, however, are among the archives of the General Land Office, and copies will be made to supply the Olympia office. The Commissioner of the General Land Office expresses the opinion that this work will require the employment of a large number of clerks at least one year.

Rev. Father Siddons, Secretary to Cardinal Manning, Monday had an interview with Lowe, Secretary of the Canadian Department of Agriculture, in reference to the emigration of children from Ireland. He asked that the government allow a sum per capita for every child sent out under Cardinal Manning's direction. Lowe, it is understood, gave the reverend gentleman to understand that $3 per child would in all probability be allowed. Six hundred children have already, through the exertion of the Cardinal and his Secretary, found homes in Canada this season.

Gov. Butler of Massachusetts has nominated a colored lawyer for Justice of the Charlestown District Court.

The total number of pension claims of all kinds pending in the Pension Office June 30, 1883, were 344,505. Of this number 148,813 involve arrears.

Rev. Mark Hopkins, for more than 30 years President of the American Board of Foreign Missions, will at the annual meeting in Detroit decline re-election.

A recent enumeration in Indiana by the Auditor of State shows that there are 499,883 voters in that State. The aggregate vote for President in 1880 was 470,673.

The Navy Department is indignant at the neglect of the State authorities of Florida to aid in caring for the destitute and fever-afflicted people on the Pensacola reservation.

Judge Edwin Bancroft, of Texarkana, Ark., formerly a prominent editor and Republican politician, has been declared insane and ordered to be sent to the asylum at Little Rock.

George Peck denies the rumor that he was in Boston to form a syndicate for the purchase of Peck's Sun. He says no syndicate could be got up with money enough to buy the paper.

Nineteen Polish societies, numbering 6,000 men, paraded the principal business streets of Chicago, in full regalia, in commemoration of Sobieski's victory at Vienna two centuries ago.

The Civil Service Commission will meet in Washington next week, when a decision will be reached as to whether the promotions as well as appointments are to be controlled by competitive examinations.

A statement prepared at the Money Order Office, based on returns for one week from 100 of the smaller money order offices, shows 42 per cent. of the money transmitted by the money order service was in postal notes.

Gibson, formerly a correspondent of the New York Sun, who obtained recent notoriety in connection with the star route trial, has been missing from Washington for six weeks and no clue can be found of his whereabouts.

The first telegraph lines ever operated in Siam have opened from Bangkok to Siagon, and from Bangkok to Calcutta. The opening of the telegraph lines is to be followed by the establishment of a regular postal system in Siam.

Countess Chambord has authorized the tardy statement that her decision regarding the position of the chief mourner at the funeral of the Count implied no refusal on her part to recognize the indisputable rights of the Orleans Princes.

The Hon. R. B. Payne and others of Cleveland have formed a syndicate for the working of the Canadian iron mines located on a 60,000 acre tract, nine miles inland from Lake Ontario, and will ship their ores at Weller's Bay on Lake Ontario.

The shop of the American Harness Company in the penitentiary at Columbus, has been closed by the Warden. It was in charge of W. W. Thompson, of Cincinnati, a nephew of Hugh McKenzie. The company are in arrears to the State $3,210.

Dezendorf says that in some parts of Virginia the Readjusters pay men for attending the meetings of their candidates. They are to receive $2 for attending 10 meetings, which will be paid them at the polls on election day after their votes have been deposited.

At a meeting of the East-bound Pool Committee at Chicago rules were adopted in regard to theatrical baggage. The theatrical rate to Buffalo was reduced to $10, on the ground that the Wabash Road had cut the theatrical rate to Detroit to $5.50.

The captured Apaches which Gen. Crook brought back from his Mexican raid are still confined upon the reservation in charge of the military. They are too far removed from the peaceful remnant of the tribe to foment any trouble among them, or to raise any quarrel between the two factions.

George F. Slosson has issued a challenge to Jacob Schafer, to play a game of billiards for the balk-line championship emblem, and a stake of $500 a side, and has deposited $250 in the hands of Thomas Foley, as forfeit, the game to be played within 60 days in this country, New York or Chicago preferred.

In Flushing Charless Ross, a colored man, undertook to eat 17 10-cent pies on a wager with L. B. Beyer, a baker. The stakes were $2.50 and the cost of the pies. Ross managed to worry down 16 pies and was within half a pie of victory when his overgorged stomach compelled a surrender. The time consumed in consuming the pies was one hour.

Friends of Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, are indignant at John L. Sullivan's treatment of the challenge the Prussian sent him. Sullivan says there are an abundance of men who are willing to be "knocked out" for a small percentage of the gate receipts, and intimates that Sheriff is one of them.

The Cincinnati Conference adopted reports on the evils of intemperance and divorce. The divorce statistics introduced showed that since 1870 the ratio of divorces to marriages in Ohio had increased from one in 25 to one in 17. The reappointment was directed by Dr. Payne as President and Dr. McCabe as Professor of Philosophy in Ohio Wesleyan College.

A mysterious stranger who was captured on Saturday by a Chicago detective proves to be Michael Kurtz, one of the most notorious burglars in the United States, known to the police as "Sheeny Mike." He is a locksmith by profession. He was the leader of the gang who just previous to the great fire took diamonds and jewelry worth $7,500 from a store at No. 124 State street.

The Chapter General of America, Knights of Malta, elected the following officers: Grand Commander, James E. Henderson, Syracuse; Grand Lieutenant Commander, R. P. Hall Green, Louisville; Grand Marshal, Nash Gorwood, Titusville; Grand Guards, Gen. T. H. Robison, New Orleans; Frank H. Smith, Houston, Tex.; Grand Warder, John H. Carver, Toronto.

The Executive Committee of the National Union League, Gen. Jas. S. Negley presiding, perfected the details for a series of union meetings at the South, to be addressed by prominent Northern men on current political and educational topics. The first meeting will be held at Atlanta early in November. The Committee meet at Philadelphia the latter part of this month.

The North German Gazette (Bismarck's organ) denies that the powers are irritated against Russia because of recent events in Bulgaria. It says: "It is the dominant wish at Berlin, Vienna and Rome to live at peace with Russia. None of the powers desires war or anything else from Russia. No complaint is heard from any quarter, even from the Porte. The alleged irritation is purely imaginary, and due to the stories of sensation mongers."

The Postmaster-General has ordered that 2 and 3 cent stamps and stamped envelopes of the present designs will continue to be valid after the 1st of October, and must be accepted in payment of postage whenever offered. The 3-cent stamps may be used in combination with other combinations on letters requiring more than one rate of postage, and on parcels of the third and fourth class matter.

The Italian officer who was denied satisfaction by Rochefort for the insult offered to King Humbert, is Lieut. Bettini, who attempted suicide in New York and seriously wounded himself, owing to a lady having rejected his addresses. Bettini, evidently a dangerous lunatic, met Rochefort in Paris and swore not to return to Italy without satisfaction. Rochefort drew a revolver, and Bettini withdrew.

Frank Hatton, First Assistant Postmaster General, says his recent order forbidding the employment of postal clerks in money-order offices was necessary to stop the practices of some Postmasters, who put the money allowed for clerk hire in their postoffice to employ assistants in the money order offices, and pocket the money order fees themselves, thereby defrauding the Government. The law says that clerks in the money order offices shall be paid from the fees, and Mr. Hatton is determined that the law shall be enforced.

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